

THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 626.—Vol. XXIV.

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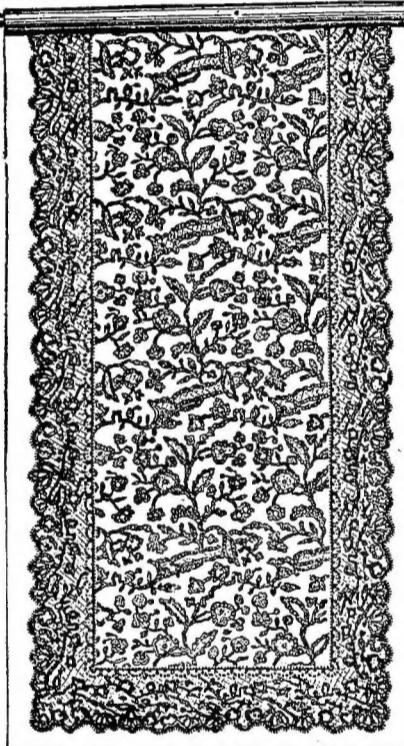
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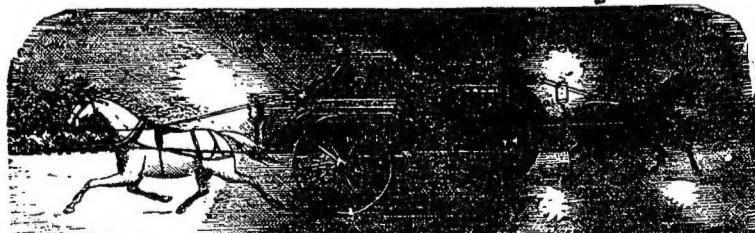
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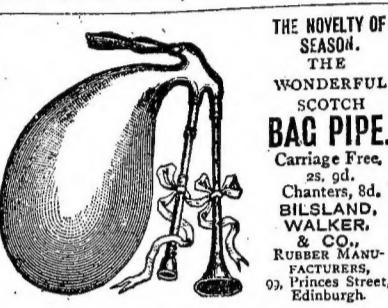
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These Studs are far superior to every other kind for the following reasons:
The comfort in wear is perfect—locking tightly on the Linen; they cannot hurt the neck (as collar studs so often do); they hold the Linen firmly together, and do not interfere with the tie, as the stem is shortened by the Telescopic action.

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12 carat Gold : : : : 10s. 6d.

10 " Gold Plate : : : : 3s. od.

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INSTRUCTIONS.—The Studs must not be twisted, but opened like a Telescope until they lock; and closed by pressing them together between the thumb and finger.

TESTIMONIALS.

12, Coverdale Road, W., 28th Sept., 1881.

DEAR SIR.—The Patent Collar Stud which I got from you some time ago is SIMPLY PERFECT, and I am sure that the more its advantages over the ordinary studs become known, the more it will be appreciated. There is an old saying, " Ease and comfort before elegance," but when all three combine together, nothing more can be desired.—Faithfully yours, W. H. ADAMS, Capt., late 23rd R. W. Fusiliers.

Mr. DOBELL, 21, Robertson Street, Hastings.

Farringdon Road, London, Aug. 16, 1881.

Mr. DOBELL.—Dear Sir.—Having given your Collar Stud a trial, I can now testify from experience that it is the only Collar Stud I have worn with PERFECT EASE AND COMFORT, and am quite certain it will be much esteemed by the public.—Yours truly, H. WILLIAMSON.

May be obtained of any Jeweller, or on receipt of Postal Order, or of the Patentee:

E. DOBELL, Art Jeweller, 21, Robertson Street, Hastings.

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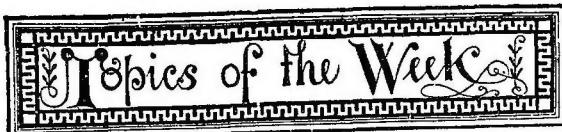
No. 626.—VOL. XXIV.
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881

PRICE SIXPENCE
[Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



A REMINISCENCE OF WATERLOO—DEPOSITING THE OLD COLOURS OF THE SECOND BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN THE ROYAL MILITARY CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS, ST. JAMES'S PARK



LORD HARTINGTON.—To-day Lord Hartington takes the lead in a great political demonstration at Blackburn, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that whatever he may say will be read with interest by men of all parties. Few of our prominent statesmen are listened to with more respect by the country. He has shown himself to be a man of clear, incisive intellect, capable of hitting hard when he thinks hard hitting is necessary, but always appreciating fairly the aims and motives of his opponents. Before the last general election his position was one of commanding influence, and probably he did quite as much as Mr. Gladstone to secure the triumph of the Liberal party. The Midlothian speeches delighted the Radicals, but moderate men were by no means so well pleased by these fiery utterances. Many voters who were alarmed by what they thought Mr. Gladstone's extravagance were re-assured by the calm, statesmanlike arguments of Lord Hartington, and they did not doubt that if the Liberals obtained a majority the counsels of the younger and cooler statesman would prevail in the new Cabinet. These anticipations have not been justified by the event. Mr. Gladstone has carried everything before him by his vigour and enthusiasm, and we have lately heard less of Lord Hartington than of almost any other Liberal leader. It may be hoped that he will by and by be able to recover the authority which he has lately, in some measure, lost. The Radicals claim to be the only true representatives of Liberalism, but it is certain that a large class who do not care to vote with the Tories have no sympathy with the rash and intolerant temper of Radical orators. Most persons of this class seem to think that Lord Hartington might, if he pleased, give better expression than anybody else to their convictions and wishes.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S ENGAGEMENT.—Though Royalty has gradually been shorn of its power by the steady advance of other forces, it is, in some respects—at all events in this country—stronger than it ever was. Certainly at no previous period were there so many persons as there now are, who feel just the same interest in the affairs of the Royal Family as they would in the affairs of a near and highly-respected relative. It may therefore be taken for granted that everybody will be pleased to hear that Prince Leopold (whom we prefer to speak of here by his old familiar appellation) is engaged to be married. But the news will be received with additional sympathy in his case because it affords a proof that his health is now, speaking comparatively, in a satisfactory condition. Hitherto, he has had to endure a severe trial, a trial which is no easier to bear in a palace than in a cottage. Youth is the grand season for all the joyousness produced by muscular activity, but these pleasures, of which his brothers and sisters have partaken freely, Prince Leopold has been compelled to forego. It speaks well for his good sense that he has sought compensation in intellectual studies, and in this department he probably approaches more nearly to the educational ideal which his highly-cultivated father proposed for his children, than any of his brothers. One is glad, too, to learn that the Princess Helena, the bride-elect, is not one of those royal young ladies who have been brought up amid scenes of pomp and magnificence. She is rather like a Princess out of a fairy tale, who has hitherto lived in a simple and patriarchal style at the tiny capital of her father's tiny Principality, the total population of which is about that of one of the sub-divisions of a big London parish. These little Principalities have formerly done much mischief to Germany, by making her weak and sub-divided, but they have been a valuable nursery of Kings and Queens. Nor, although their individuality as States, and consequently their power to injure the Fatherland, has ceased to exist, is there any reason why they should leave off producing Princes and Princesses. In the Latin countries Monarchy is rather in a shaky condition, and the barrenness of the various Royal families has undoubtedly aided Republican aspirations. It is only in Teutoland that Kings, as a race, thrive and multiply; indeed, in the next generation, it will be difficult to find suitable employment for our Princes, unless the colonies agree to take one apiece as Viceroy.

RECESS SPEECHES.—For many weeks the columns of the newspapers have been crowded by reports of political speeches, and there is no sign that the supply is about to be diminished. Yet most people seem to take very little interest in the attempts made to arrest their attention. Bitter partisans, no doubt, applaud the performances of their leaders; but men who care for politics only as a means of promoting the welfare of their country are tired of all this talk. The explanation is that hardly anything is advanced in these speeches for the guidance of opinion on questions which Parliament must soon be called upon to settle. The "Ins" proclaim that everything they do, and have done, is right, and that everything the "Outs" do, and have done, is wrong; and the "Outs" usually retort in precisely the same spirit. What good end can be accomplished by these incessant recriminations? Everybody who gives attention to such matters has already formed an opinion as to the policy of the Liberals and the Tories in the past; what is now wanted is information as to the intentions of the two

parties in the future. It cannot be pretended that there are not plenty of subjects for thorough discussion. It is plain that some change will have to be effected in the procedure of the House of Commons; that the Land Laws will have to be reconsidered; and that some attempt must be made to get rid of the wretched dwellings which perpetuate and spread disease in our great cities. These are only a few of the difficulties by which we are confronted; and the public has a right to ask statesmen, instead of attacking each other incessantly, to set forth their mature convictions on such subjects. A temporary success may be achieved by violent harangues; but in the end the country will give its confidence to those who manifest the strongest desire to serve it by well-considered and dispassionate counsel.

FREE LIBRARIES.—This does not appear to be an exciting topic of discourse, yet it excites as much ill-feeling as the doings of the "Salvation Army." Some time ago there was an uproarious meeting in Islington on the subject, and now there has been a still more noisy gathering at the Vestry Hall, Camden Town. The meeting was not composed of ratepayers, but was convened to ascertain if the Free Libraries Act should be extended to the parish of St. Pancras. A motion to this effect was very hotly opposed, and an amendment controverting it was ultimately carried. It is, therefore, evident that for some time to come St. Pancras will not enjoy the blessing of a Free Public Library. We know from personal experience that the St. Pancras rates are pretty heavy, and we are also aware that the burden falls with especial heaviness on hardworking clerks and small tradespeople. But people should remember that a good part of this money is expended (presuming it to be properly expended) in things which are to them almost as much necessities as tea and sugar and bread. These good folks would not like to do without paving and gaslights, drains and policemen. There is one grievous item, of course, which we have not yet mentioned,—the poor rate. But is not much of this due to indulgence in strong drink, and would not the adoption of a liberal policy in providing public recreations lessen the crowds in the gin-shops? This was the view taken by a publican, Mr. Nathan Robinson, whose sensible speech at the meeting deserves honourable record. No doubt a few loafers and idle persons would use the Public Library, but this is a very feeble reason for opposing the establishment of such places. And the Library Rate for St. Pancras would be a very small affair. We warrant there is more money spent every night in St. Pancras in alcoholic drink than would keep half-a-dozen public libraries for a twelvemonth. We would not mind betting that the dissentients spent as much money in "wetting their whistles" after their bawling and shouting at the Vestry Hall meeting as would have paid their share of the Library Rate for three years. If the inhabitants of St. Pancras were possessed by the true municipal spirit, they would, with their population and aggregate wealth, have not only a Public Library, but a Museum and a Picture Gallery. At present the principal place of recreation in that extensive district is the Bedford Music Hall, which scarcely attains a very exalted Art-Ideal.

ENGLAND AND EUROPEAN PEACE.—Supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Government have laid much stress in their recent speeches on the fact that peace has been maintained in Europe since the accession of the Liberals to office. In the message with which the German Parliament was opened, Prince Bismarck also called attention to the tranquillity which prevails on the Continent. He explained the existing state of things, however, not by referring to the influence of the British Government, but by announcing that perfectly cordial relations had been established between the three Emperors. This would, no doubt, be a solid ground for belief in the maintenance of peace, if we could be sure that Russia will always be as powerless to disturb her neighbours as she is, or seems to be, at present. English Radicals have persuaded themselves that anybody who thinks that Russia may hereafter be troublesome is a ridiculous alarmist; but their view is not shared by observers in other countries, who are quite as likely to have trustworthy sources of information. The aim of Lord Beaconsfield's policy was, as far as possible, to limit the power of Russia by associating the interests of England with those of Germany and Austria. Mr. Gladstone was of opinion that a better policy for England was to hold aloof from all foreign combinations; and he gave effect to this principle by deliberately alienating the German Powers. It is a little premature to decide, as the Radicals have done, that he had a truer perception of the conditions of the problem than his opponent. That is a question which time alone can settle, but in the mean time it is surely a fact worthy of consideration that foreign Liberals almost unanimously regret our present isolation.

THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.—It is just because honesty is the rule and dishonesty the exception that certain crimes are comparatively easy to commit. One sometimes wonders at the ease with which manufacturers are defrauded by "Long Firm" swindlers, or bankers by forged cheques and letters of credit, or merchants by bogus bills of exchange. But one is apt to forget that these tricks form a very small percentage of the whole mass of commercial transactions, and that the victims are so accustomed to find

things straightforward and *bona fide*, that they are thrown off their guard by the rarity of the fraudulent cases. In like manner, now that some bold and original-minded rascals have plundered the Hatton Garden Post Office, we can all see how imprudent we were to carry on business in such a fashion. There is probably as great a wealth of precious stones in Hatton Garden and Ely Place as there is underground at Kimberley and Du Toit's Pan. Yet there we were, posting packets of diamonds as coolly as if they were penn'orths of glass beads, and leaving the receiving-house, which was temporarily far more valuable than the richest diamond claim in South Africa, in the charge of a bevy of lady-clerks. Some clever scoundrel grasped the situation, and grasped the diamonds also. He gave a new reading of the old riddle, "Where was Moses when the light went out?" the answer being, "Helping himself to the mail-bags." No doubt for the future arrangements will be made to render the transmission of diamonds by post more secure, and thievish inventiveness will have to seek its reward in some other direction. But we hope this robbery will not be made an excuse for generally getting rid of or diminishing the number of female Post Office clerks. We doubt if a masculine staff would have been a whit more able to cope with such a sudden surprise, and we should be sorry if, because of an exceptional incident of this sort, women were deprived of an employment for which they are particularly well fitted. Our own experience is that they are more intelligent, alert, and polite than the male Post Office attendants used to be. At the same time the presence of a Commissioner during the time when the clerks are at their busiest may possibly be found serviceable.

BISHOP THIRLWALL.—The volumes containing Bishop Thirlwall's "Letters" have been attracting much attention during the present week, and their publication is an event of more than passing interest. During his lifetime he commanded universal respect by his solid judgment and vast learning; but the public knew nothing of the tender and sympathetic disposition which is manifested in his "Letters." Many readers will be as much surprised by the revelation of this side of his nature as they were, in a very different way, by the light thrown on Carlyle's character by the "Reminiscences." Bishop Thirlwall was not only a man of kindly and genial impulses; his "Letters" show that to the end his intellectual life was one of extraordinary freshness and vigour. Almost every kind of subject seemed to interest him, and he could write as well about "Middlemarch" and "The Earthly Paradise" as about the Day of Intercession for Missions or the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Perhaps no Churchman of his time had so deep a perception of the currents of religious opinion in the nineteenth century; and it is impossible not to regret that one who could write about them so powerfully in private letters did not give elaborate and systematic expression to his thoughts. The Church of England has good reason to be proud of this unassuming but great prelate. His "History of Greece" will be forgotten, and his admirable Charges and miscellaneous writings have already lost much of their value; but the man himself will always be one of the most attractive figures of an age which produced many striking and interesting personalities."

SHAM BENEVOLENCE.—“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty,” says the Scripture. The light of publicity is at length being allowed to shine into certain “dark places” at Mile End, Glasgow, and elsewhere; and certainly there seems much reason to fear that they have been “habitations of cruelty.” But why have such institutions hitherto remained “dark places?” An answer to this question is contained in a letter signed “G. N.” which appeared in Monday's *Times*, and which all subscribers to charities should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Charitable institutions, says “G. N.” in effect, are often abused or mismanaged because those by whose money they are supported will not take the trouble to inspect their accounts, to examine their premises, to investigate their affairs. The ordinary subscriber trusts to the Visiting Committee, whose names he knows to be highly respectable. But too often the Visiting Committee are equally neglectful, inspection ceases altogether, or becomes a mere farce; and, even if the persons under whose actual control the institution is are honest and high-principled, the efficiency of the charity is sure to be impaired. Too often, however, carelessness and want of supervision breed downright dishonesty, and then far worse mischiefs follow. It is to be feared that too many of us would rather spend money than take trouble. We are fairly prosperous, and our conscience pricks us when we remember the immensity of the unrelieved misery which there is around us. So we send a cheque to a charitable institution which we know to be admirably conducted because the Patron is a Royal Prince, and one of the Vice-Presidents an Archbishop. We never go near the institution, but we read with a certain complacency in the annual report the words, “Alonzo Smith, Esq., 34. 3s.” Our conscience is soothed; but is not our benevolence rather a sham? Government inspection would be a good thing; it would cause the collapse of some rotten charities, and would brace up others to practical usefulness; but it would be far better and wholer if the subscribers to each institution would be at the pains to ascertain that their money was spent as it ought to be spent.

NOV. 26, 1881

THE GRAPHIC

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

520,000.

In order to keep pace with the annually increasing demand for this Number, 120,000 Copies are now being printed, more than last year, making a total issue of

ALL THE PICTURES ARE IN COLOURS.

Subjoined is a List of Subjects:—

MR. CARLYON'S CHRISTMAS AS NOTED IN HIS DIARY. Sixteen Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. A CHRISTMAS TRANSFORMATION. Two Illustrations by C. J. STANLARD. CHRISTMAS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Six Illustrations by W. RALSTON. THE FESTIVE SEASON. By J. C. DOLLMAN. FROM THE CHRISTMAS TREE. By ARTHUR HOPKINS. CHRISTMAS IN INDIA. By E. K. JOHNSON. CHRISTMAS IN CANADA. By TOWNLEY GREEN.

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA. By G. KILBURN. CHRISTMAS AT HOME. By G. DURAND. STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING. By HENRY WOODS. A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED. By JOHN CHARLTON. BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK. By PERCY MACQUOID. A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. By E. K. JOHNSON. A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S CHRISTMAS DAY. By F. VILLIERS.

In addition to these is a LARGE EXTRA PLATE, similar in size to "CHERRY RICE" of last year, from a Painting by F. H. CALDERON, R.A., entitled

"OUT OF REACH."

ALSO THE FOLLOWING LIST OF TALES.

MARS BEING IN THE EIGHTH HOUSE. By CLAUDIO TEMPLAR. THE WHITE LADY OF HILLBURY. By MRS. DESPARDE. ONE OF A THOUSAND. By ELLEN PERRONET THOMPSON.

Ready December 5.
PRICE ONE SHILLING; by post, 3d. extra.
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NOTICE.—Next Saturday, December 3rd, "MARION FAY," a NEW SERIAL STORY by MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, illustrated by MR. WILLIAM SMALL, will be commenced, and continued from week to week until completed.



THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW. THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in CRIMSON HALL, BIRMINGHAM, November 28th, 29th, and 30th, and December 1st. Doors open at 9.30 a.m. The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY next, November 28th. Admission to Three p'Clock, 5s. From Three to Five, 2s. 6d.; after that hour, 1s. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Admission 1s. Children half price. Entrances closed at 8.45 p.m., but on Thursday at 5 p.m. For Excursion Trains see Local Railway Bills. GEORGE BEECH, Secretary, Temple Row, Birmingham.

SEVENTEENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' FRESH PROGRAMME, introduced for the first time on the occasion of the inauguration of their Seventeenth Year at ST. JAMES'S HALL, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, 3 and 8. Tickets and Places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 a.m. ST. ANDREW'S DAY, NOVEMBER 30, GRAND SCOTTISH CONCERT.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY. On WEDNESDAY NEXT, NOVEMBER 30. Afternoon at Three. Evening at Eight, the Magnificent Choir and Orchestra of the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will give Two Special Performances of SCOTTISH NATIONAL SONGS AND GLEES.

Assisted by Highland Pipers and Dancers of Eminence, who will perform some of the most popular Reels, Sword Dances, and Strathspeys in Full Highland Costume. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. AGES AGO, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay. Followed by OUT OF TOWN, a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with "No. 204," by F. C. Burnand and German Reed. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND. Now on View. RORKE'S DRIFT, by A. DE NEUVILLE. An exceedingly fine Etching, Just Published. Also BIONDINA, BY SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. ENGRAVED BY S. COUSINS, R.A.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS PICTURES by BRITISH AND FOREIGN ARTISTS, including Benjamin CONSTANTH'S New Picture, "Presents to the Amer," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR CONSTANTH and SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket, next door to the Theatre. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday. From Victoria at 10.35 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants. From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

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HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Weeknight from Victoria and London Bridge as above.

HONFLEUR, TROUVILLE, CAEN, &c.—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday.

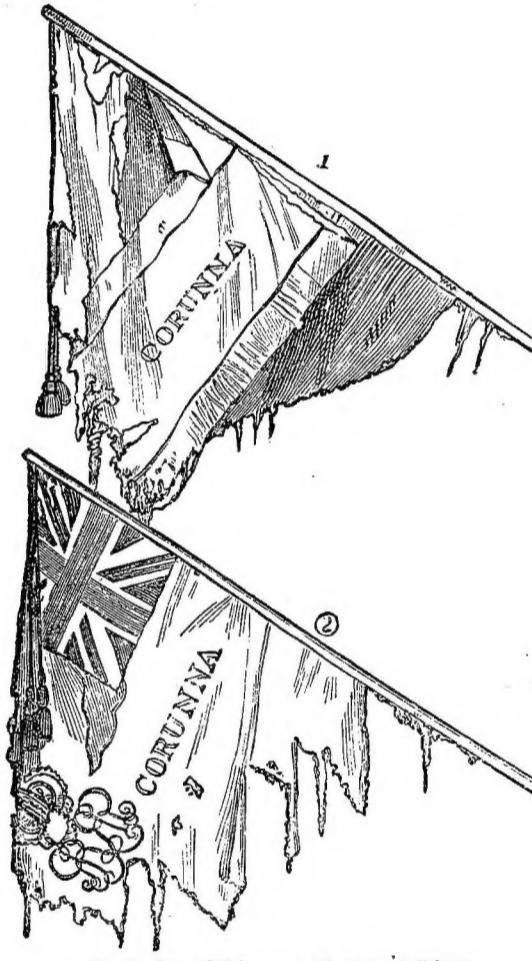
TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



A REMINISCENCE OF WATERLOO

ON Friday last week an interesting ceremony was performed at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and several staff officers. The colours carried by the battalion of the Grenadier Guards throughout the Waterloo campaign have been for many years preserved by Sir Henry Askew, who commanded the battalion, and having recently come into the possession of his nephew, Mr. Watson Askew, have been restored to the regiment, and placed amongst other military relics in the chapel. The troops present on parade were 400 of the 1st Battalion, 400 of the 3rd, and 100 of the 2nd, the last-mentioned acting as an escort for the colours, which, after being "saluted" and "trooped" in the barrack square, were met at the chapel door by Bishop Clapham, and borne towards the chancel, whilst the whole congregation joined in singing the hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," after which they were handed to the Bishop, who laid them on the Communion Table. The Bishop then offered up a special prayer, and delivered a short address, urging his hearers to emulate the God-fearing qualities, the loyalty, and the courage of those who had followed to victory the old colours just received. The service closed with the delivery of the Benediction and the singing of the National Anthem. Conspicuous amongst the few invited members of the congregation were two veterans from Chelsea Hospital—John M'Kay, aged ninety-six, who served in the 42nd Regiment, and Benjamin Bunstead, aged eighty-three, who was in the 73rd Regiment. The tattered colours, sketches of which are



1. The Regimental Colours.—2. The Queen's Colours.

annexed, were subsequently placed alongside those of the Coldstream Guards.

REWARDS FOR THE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN

THE troops at Bellary Ceded Districts, Madras Presidency, comprising O' Battery, 6th Brigade, Royal Artillery, 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, 4th Prince of Wales's Own Madras Light Cavalry, 37th Grenadiers, and 27th Madras Native Infantry, paraded in review order on Wednesday, the 28th September, to witness the presentation of medals to two men of the Royal Fusiliers for distinguished service in the field during the late war in Afghanistan. The Brigade formed three sides of an oblong. Colonel Claridge, of the 37th Grenadiers, who commanded the force in the absence of General Burton, presented the men with the medals, making them a short address. After the ceremony the troops re-formed line and marched past, the united bands playing under the direction of the bandmaster, Royal Fusiliers. Privates Rhodes and Regan, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, were awarded the medals for carrying Second Lieutenant Wood, of their regiment, when severely wounded, off the field at Kandahar under a heavy fire on the 16th August, 1880. Another officer and two privates were assisting these men, when the two former were shot dead and the latter mortally wounded. Notwithstanding this, Rhodes and Regan alone succeeded in carrying their officer off the field in a dooly, but he died a few minutes after he reached the city of Kandahar.

STARTING FOR A DEER DRIVE

DEER-DRIVING on a grand scale, as described by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley," is a pastime more adapted for princes than for ordinary mortals; but a good drive is often carried out under much more modest arrangements. Indeed, eight or ten men will suffice, provided that their experience is sufficient to enable them to induce the deer, with almost absolute certainty, to take a certain line terminating in a narrow pass. In these days, when big bags are preferred by many so-called sportsmen to genuine sport, deer-driving has come much into favour, and not unfrequently "heads" are paraded in the south which have really been obtained thus, though innocent spectators attribute them to the skill and perseverance of a quiet stalker.

On the morning of an intended "drive" there is naturally a good deal of bustle, musters of gillies, hailing, rappings, and shoutings along the bachelor corridors, perhaps the wail of the bagpipes, loud laughter, female curiosity to know the cause, and the morning air scented by the fumes of tobacco. On such an occasion as this, a man is less loth to quit his warm bed, knowing that, instead of a solitary twilight breakfast, and a tramp through mist and rain to meet the taciturn gillie at the rendezvous, there will be plenty of

company and merriment.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. C. W. Cole, Paymaster R.N., H.M.S. *Boscawen*.

IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—X.

A BUFFALO HUNT IN THE RED DEER RIVER VALLEY

"IT was on the brink of a coulée," writes our artist, "that we at last saw buffalo. Many disappointments had we had before that. Buffalo had lessened into antelopes, antelopes into sand-hill cranes, and cranes into bushes over and over again. The tricksy mirage had even made the bushes wag their tails—but there was no doubt about it now.

"There they were—twelve black spots—heads down, tails wagging, about a mile off. How were we to get at them? Johnny Saskatchewan, our half-bred guide, Poundmaker (the Cree chief, guide too), Laronde and Colonel Herchmer were to ride and drive them to His Excellency and party. But the wise buffalo would not be driven that way. They preferred marching into the mouths of our lions, who rode and rode and fired away. I ran in the direction of one of the shots and found the men standing by a wounded buffalo. They had fired the last cartridge.

"The buffalo was stopped, but he stood upright, pawed the ground, tossed his head, and hoisted his tail defiantly. Captain Percival came up with me, and his was the rifle which gave the poor brute the *coup de grâce*. Johnny Saskatchewan stands pointing out the right place for a mortal shot. Poundmaker bides his time on the extreme left. When the buffalo is butchered, he steps forward and begs for the kidney, which he eats then and there, raw, holding it in his hand, and cutting thumb-pieces, as if it were an apple.

"Mark how extremes meet. Your extra-civilised *gourmet* only shows his kidney the fire—not much difference!

"Red Deer River Valley was a happy valley for Indians and half-breeds and mounted police and all that night, for we had MEAT. The deer had been killed.

"We had really run very short of provisions, and our actual wants justified the raid upon the buffalo. Looking at buffalo hunting as sport, I think that His Excellency's words, 'That he would just as soon go into his father's farmyard and shoot a cow,' must be endorsed."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WELBECK

THE Prince of Wales has this week been the guest of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, near Worksop. His Royal Highness arrived on Monday, and although the visit was a private one the townsfolk decorated their houses, and turned out to welcome him as he drove through the streets. Welbeck Abbey and Park form a magnificent and very interesting estate. Of the ancient monastic structure, which was built in the reign of Stephen, only a few ruined walls, arches, and vaults now remain. The present building dates from 1604, but immense improvements and additions were carried out by the late Duke, who was so absorbed in his constructive plans that for twenty-six years he shunned the society of his equals in rank, and saw no one but the many workmen who were constantly engaged about the place. His income, popularly reported to be 1,000/- a day and 2,000/- for Sundays, was mainly devoted to the work he so much loved. The most remarkable features of Welbeck are the network of underground passages, some miles in extent, and the many subterranean apartments, including a large ball-room, all brilliantly lighted by curious and costly contrivances for attracting and reflecting daylight, as well as by numerous gas jets for use at night. The celebrated riding-school, erected by the Duke of Newcastle, but converted by the late Duke into a magnificent art museum, contains a large number of valuable pictures. Amongst the other underground apartments are the library, the "Bachelors' Hall" (a huge excavation an acre in extent), and one very large chamber which the late Duke left unfinished, and which was at one time supposed to be intended for a church. Above ground the place has many attractive features—the riding-school and the tan gallop roofed in with glass; the extensive stables, where about one hundred horses are stalled in the most splendid manner; the coach-house, full of all kinds of vehicles, old and new; the dairy; houses for cows and poultry; the beautiful garden, and the extensive park, dotted with about forty lodges, and full of grand old trees, amongst them the Grendall Oak, the "Methuselah of Trees," which is supposed to be 800 years old.

THE DETROIT RIVER MARINE REPORTER

AND INDIAN JEWELLERY

See pages 538 and 542.

FROM ENGLAND TO NATAL

THESE sketches need not detain us long. First we see the old Obadiah and the young Obadiah, that is, the old and new Eddystone Lighthouses. Smeaton's work is in itself as strong as ever, but the treacherous sea had undermined the rock on which it stood, and so the new lighthouse, designed by Mr. Douglas, of the Trinity House, was built.

"Porto Santo," says Lady Brassey in her *Sunbeam* voyage, "is a curious little island, with a high peak in the centre, and is thirty-five miles N.E. of Madeira. It was from his observation of the drift wood and débris washed on to the shore of this island that Columbus, who had married the Governor's daughter, began to speculate on the existence of America."

Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is very prettily situated, and its attractions are enhanced by the luxuriance of the vegetation. The gardens are full of flowers which in England are only seen in hot-houses, and it is almost worth the journey to see the magnificent magnolias, as big as forest trees, with their large wax-like flowers, in the Praça, or public promenade. Most of the fruit in the market (where the costumes are very picturesque) are brought in boats from villages on the seashore. The Loo Rock, with its old fortress, forms an attractive point of view in the harbour.

To get a sight of the Peak of Tenerife is one of the desires of most voyagers from Europe to South Africa. "We saw the Peak," says Lady Brassey, "towering above the clouds, about fifty-nine miles off. As we approached, it appeared less perpendicular than we had expected, and the mountains from the midst of which it rises are so lofty, that in spite of its conical sugar-loaf top, it is difficult at first to realise that the Peak is 12,180 feet high."

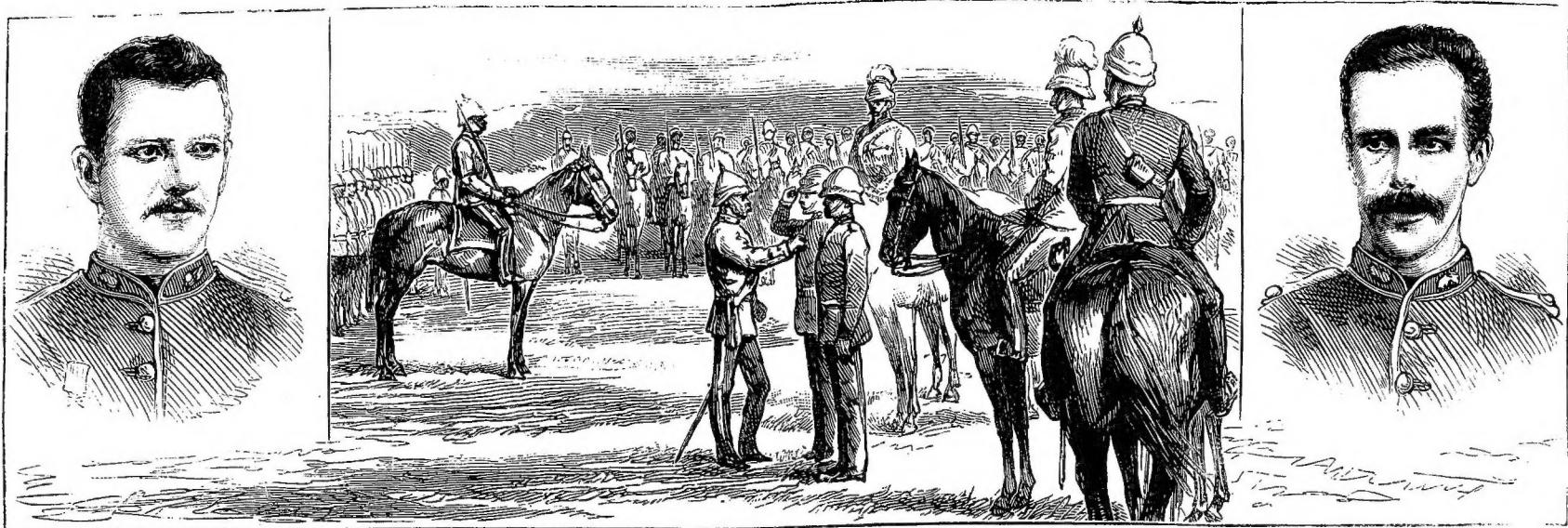
So well known a place as Cape Town need not here be described. It is the headquarters of the Union Steam Ship Company's Colonial operations. The fortnightly mail steamers call, and remain here about four days before proceeding to the Eastern ports. The average length of passage to the Cape is twenty-two days. South Africa has now become a favourite resort for persons who suffer from delicate chests. The summer heat of the south coast is not so continuously great as that of Spain and Italy, while, on the other hand, the winter is as mild as the early autumn of England.

Port Elizabeth, the chief seaport and commercial town of the Eastern Province, is a thriving, bustling, active place, with a population of 13,000 persons. The anchorage is exposed to S.E. gales, and, from the want of foliage, the town has rather a bare and desolate appearance from the sea.

The St. John's River (called by the natives the Umzimvubu) is passed on the voyage between Algoa Bay and Natal. It is situated in the independent district of Pondoland, and is navigable for small coasting vessels for a short distance from its mouth.

PRIVATE REGAN

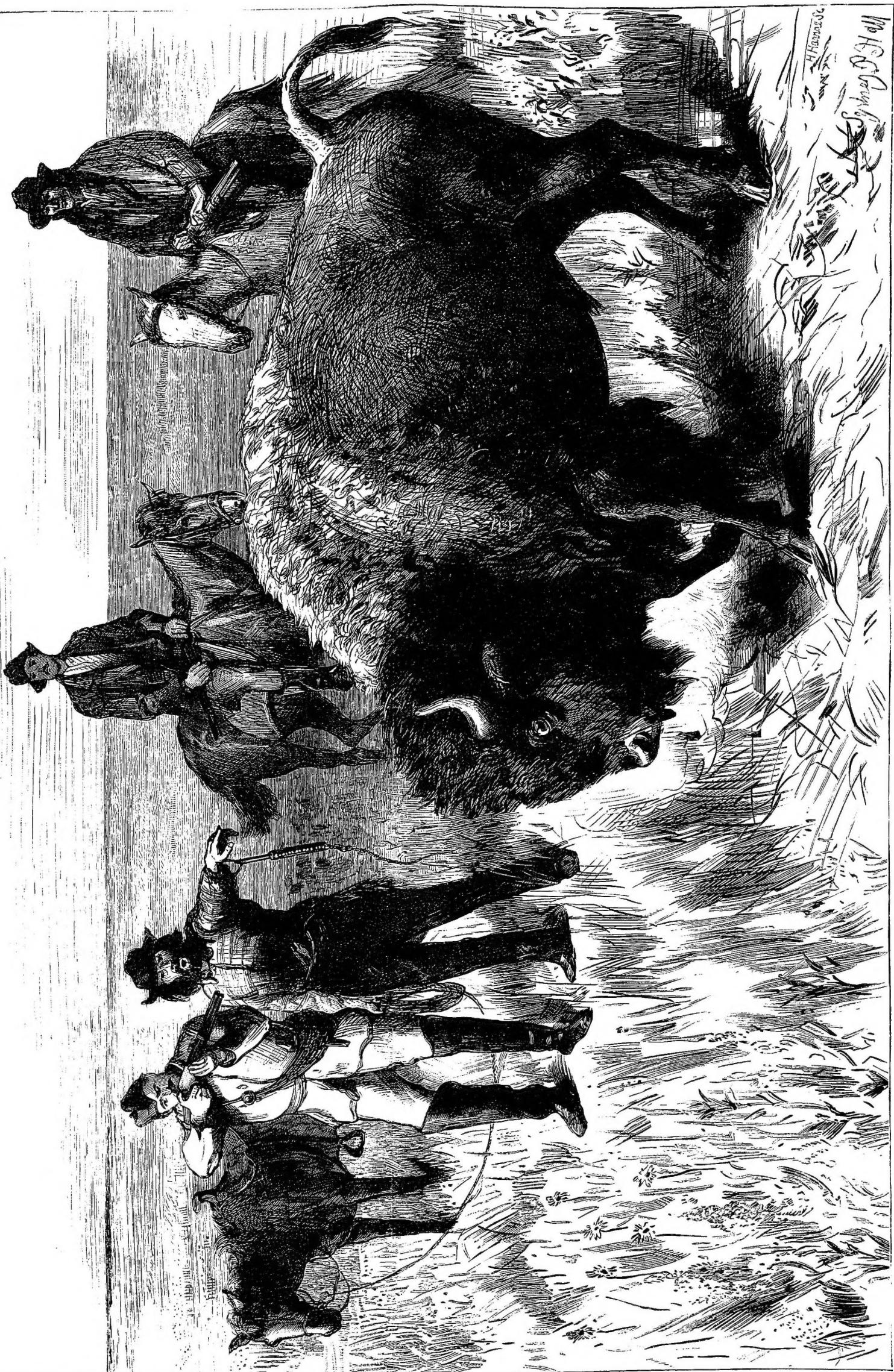
PRIVATE RHODES



THE LATE AFGHAN CAMPAIGN — PRESENTATION OF "DISTINGUISHED SERVICE" MEDALS TO PRIVATES RHODES AND REGAN OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS AT MADRAS



DEER-DRIVING IN SCOTLAND — THE START



TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE — X. A BUFFALO HUNT IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY : THE "COUP DE GRACE"

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

MAORI MEETING-HOUSE AT OHINEMUTU

ACCORDING to the latest news affairs on the West Coast are progressing satisfactorily, and the natives are submitting to the authorities. Our engraving, which is from a photograph, represents a Maori meeting-house in another part of the country, at a native settlement called Ohinemutu, about 120 miles south-east of Auckland. Mr. Anthony Trollope describes it as "a poor little Maori village, which seems to have collected itself round the hot springs on the borders of the lake, with a view to the boiling of potatoes without the trouble of collecting fuel." At that time (about ten years ago) there was only one European resident, who, with his half-caste wife, kept a little inn. Now, however, the white population has considerably increased; there are two good hotels, and coaches twice a week from Napier and Tauranga.

TYPES OF GERMAN EMIGRANTS

A GERMAN writer recently remarked that the most prosperous German trade was the export of men and money. With regard to the human export a ceaseless stream of Teutons has been flowing out of the country throughout the present century, but within the last few years the number of emigrants has so largely increased that during the last decade it is calculated that a million of Germans have crossed the Atlantic. Others again have gone to the Cape and South Australia (there are extensive settlements of Germans about the hills south and east of Adelaide, as well as in the Mount Gambier district), and it is estimated that from ten to twelve million Germans are now living out of their own country. Moreover, the figures continue to increase every year, and during last May 34,000 Germans expatriated themselves, the number for the first half of this year amounting to 75,000. The question has constantly engaged the attention of the German Government, and there have been discussions in the Reichstag on the subject, but no Deputy nor Minister, not even the Man of Iron himself, has suggested any effectual remedy. The emigrants are almost wholly drawn from the agricultural classes, and the majority come from Pomerania and Northern and Western Prussia. The causes assigned for their leaving their country are various—dislike of the military system, which robs them of their sons, and of the stringent Government *régime* which keeps every Prussian, and especially a poor Prussian, in leading strings, and the prosperity of friends and relatives on the other side of the Atlantic, where agriculture can be pursued under more favourable circumstances, and with a safe prospect of becoming eventually a free and independent proprietor. Indeed, large numbers of small landowners have sold their property, and gone to invest in a land where a man can do as he likes, and not be subject to the thraldom of the drill-sergeant, the burgomaster, and the police-agent. Thus some districts are almost depopulated, as the Teuton, when he emigrates, usually takes the whole of his family and many of his friends with him.

There is a well-known story of one emigrant who, noticing the Crown Prince watching a party for the States, stepped forward and asked him if he would give him a thaler to know how to stop such an expatriation. "Speak," was the reply. "Then send Bismarck across the Atlantic," cried the emigrant.

What is one nation's loss, however, is another's gain, and the United States is largely benefiting by this large and continual accession to its population. Unlike some, though not all, the Irish emigrants, who mainly congregate in large towns, and form the most rowdy, idle, and disreputable portions of the community, the Germans incline towards the agricultural districts, and, with that characteristic thrift and industry which in the Teuton is so marked a feature in contrast to the Celt, speedily become prosperous and useful members of the community. Our illustration depicts some types of German emigrants, who range from the little mite slung on its mother's back, or the Hessian-shod maiden laden with her steerage kit, to the old lady in her village cap, the studious-looking spectacled gentleman, who doubtless was the *savant* of his native hamlet, or the weather-beaten peasant, who seems just the man to prospect "out West" and battle with the difficulties of bringing prairie and forest land under the yoke of civilised cultivation.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—II.

THE sketches last week, taken by Mr. C. E. Fripp, our special artist on board the *Ceylon*, were from Bordeaux and Lisbon. From thence the steam-yacht proceeded to Gibraltar, where she arrived on the 9th inst., and where the sketches which we publish this week were made.

"The Main Guard," says Mr. Fripp, "is on the British limit of the Neutral Ground on the north side. Here all foreigners entering Gibraltar from this side are obliged to obtain a pass. Of course we ascended the Rock, visiting the Galleries, where one of the magazines was pointed out to us—in the dark. No sketching is allowed upon the Rock, nevertheless here is a drawing of the Signal Station, whence a grand view of the Straits is obtainable. Another represents, in somewhat caricature fashion, Captain Lunham (the commander of the *Ceylon*) and Mr. E. H. Locker, the assistant-surgeon, who preferred to perform the journey on donkey-back. Outside the South port is the Alameda, or public garden, running along the road inside the sea-wall—a favourite evening resort. *Calesas* are scarcely ornamental from a skilled coach-builder's point of view, but they are very useful when one's ship is moored far from the town. The market is interesting from the variety of nationalities there congregated together. The Jews and Moors especially affect the egg-market, where they also deal in cane, rush, and wickerwork baskets."

After this, the *Ceylon* went on to Malaga (where some of the party went up to Granada to visit the Alhambra, as we hope to show in a future number,) thence to Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, and Palermo, at which latter port she was expected to arrive on Thursday last, the 24th inst."

MR. BRIGHT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

See page 548.

THE BURNING OF THE "SOLWAY"

THIS disaster, which resulted in the loss of nineteen lives, occurred in the Irish Channel on Wednesday last week. The terrible story is soon told. The *Solway*, a brand-new screw steamer, loaded with a general cargo, had gone safely from Glasgow to Belfast, and was on her way thence to Swansea, when during a stiff gale the steerage gear ceased to act, and the ship, becoming unmanageable, rolled so heavily that a barrel of naphtha oil, which formed part of the deck cargo, broke from its lashings and burst. The oil spread itself along the deck, caught light, it is supposed, either at the galley or engine fire, and in an instant the greater part of the ship was ablaze, six of the passengers who were on the steerage deck being burnt to death almost before the alarm had been given. The rest of the passengers and crew fled to the stern of the vessel, and a party of five launched one of the boats and put off towards the shore. The others, under the direction of the captain, set to work with buckets and fire-hose and succeeded in checking the flames, the heavy seas which broke over the vessel materially aiding their efforts, and the fact that all the deck houses were of iron being also in their favour. They toiled all day, and made their way towards Kingstown as best they could in their disabled condition. Two or three vessels passed them without taking any notice; but one, the *Caldonia*, seeing their signals of distress, hove up and stood by them until the vessel reached Kingstown Harbour, where, after a pilot had been taken on board, the *Solway* was run aground and the fire ultimately extinguished, the coastguard men and the police lending valuable aid. Of the thirty-

four persons on board, passengers and crew, fourteen were burnt to death; and as the boat which left the vessel has since been cast ashore empty at Castletown, Isle of Man, it is supposed that its five occupants were drowned. By the verdict of the coroner's jury at Kingstown the officers and crew of the vessel are exonerated from any blame; but the Board of Trade inquiry will probably show that some one is responsible for the defective manner in which the highly dangerous deck cargo was stored.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Henry D. Brown, of Lower George Street, Skelton, Kingstown.

NOTE.—We last week omitted to mention that our views in the Island of Ceylon were from photographs by T. Lawton and Co., Kandy, Ceylon.



POLITICAL SPEECH-MAKING and letter-writing still go on with unabated vigour; but nothing new is advanced by the rival orators, whose endless repetitions, as *The Times* remarks, are very weary-some to intelligent men. Sir R. Cross has been the great Conservative star of the week, speaking first at Southport and afterwards at Rochdale, and on both occasions of course attacking the Government, pointing out anew what he considers to be the defects in the Home and Foreign policy, and declaring his conviction that the verdict of the country as given at the general election last year would now be reversed.—A long correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Bartle Frere has just been published, in which the Premier, referring to certain complaints made by Sir Bartle in his recent pamphlet, says that he always believed that Sir Bartle had been friendly to a "policy of advance" in Afghanistan; and that, if this is an error, he is quite willing to make public his regret for having been led into it.—On Tuesday Mr. A. W. Dilke, M.P., attended a meeting of his constituents at Newcastle, but was unable to make himself heard on account of the noisy and riotous behaviour of an organised band of disturbers, chiefly Irishmen. On the following evening a like system of interruption was adopted at a conference of the National Liberal Federation, at which, however, resolutions were passed in favour of electoral reforms and the amendment of the Land Laws; and also at a meeting at Marylebone, where the borough members, Sir T. Chambers and Mr. D. Grant, attempted to address their constituents. To-day (Saturday) Lord Hartington begins a series of public appearances in North-East Lancashire.

IRELAND.—On Tuesday the Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cowper arrived at Belfast, where they are the guests of Sir T. M'Clare, M.P. They were presented with addresses by the Corporation and Town Commissioners, and on Wednesday, after visiting various public institutions, and receiving addresses from the Queen's College and Presbyterian College, attended a banquet given by the Mayor, who was previously knighted by the Lord Lieutenant. Earl Cowper made a speech in which he said that though he had not a seat in the Cabinet, he was not ashamed of anything which the Government had done or omitted to do during the last eighteen months; and declared his conviction that when Parliament again meets they would be well able to defend their policy in both Houses. He believed that the dissatisfaction which prevailed in the country was of much longer standing than some people seemed to think, though it had formerly been in a dull and sullen state. It was their disagreeable duty at this particular time to drive it again under the surface, and it was also their duty to do all they could to remove it. The problem was not yet solved, but there was a general agreement amongst all political parties as to what should be done, and that the Union must be preserved at all costs. "Harder problems," said his lordship, in conclusion, "had been solved by the statesmen of England—I mean of the United Kingdom—and I feel quite sure that the day will come when Ireland will be in feeling and spirit, a part of the United Kingdom."—The decisions of the Land Commissioners, favourable as they are to the tenantry in the great majority of cases, seem to have little effect upon the general condition of the country. Reports of outrages of all kinds, which for a brief period seem to have lessened in number, are now again appearing with disappointing frequency in the daily papers, and the numerous arrests which are being made have apparently no effect upon the malcontents who are still at large. *The Times* of Wednesday declares that "the problem which the Government has to face is whether, after all, the Irish difficulty may not be rooted in something different from the mere land-hunger of the peasant?" whilst its Dublin correspondent says that Lord Monck's speech at the meeting of magistrates on Tuesday, and the tone of the resolutions adopted, are regarded as signs of more repressive action on the part of the Government. It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the proclamation of martial law would have the effect of diminishing to any great extent the dismal catalogue of crimes which now appear day after day with disgusting monotony.—Miss Anna Parnell, writing to a Cork journal to correct a misconception as to certain passages in a letter written by her brother from Kilmainham on the 23rd ult. as to the disposal of the relief funds, says that their intention is to support all deserving cases to the utmost of their resources, and to refuse aid to such tenants only who, having been evicted from inability to pay, intend to redeem at the first opportunity, because such grants would go indirectly towards paying the rents.—The "suspects" at Kilmainham have once again resolved to content themselves with the prison dietary, in order to economise the funds of the League.

ELECTION NEWS.—Stafford has returned Mr. Salt, the Conservative candidate, by 1,483 votes over the 1,185 secured by Mr. Howell, the working man's nominee, although the latter was backed up by the special recommendation of the Premier. The result created much surprise, and is by some attributed to the Irish vote. —The writ for Londonderry has been issued, and the three candidates whose names we gave last week are all actively engaged in canvassing.—For County Meath, vacated by the retirement of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Michael Davitt and another Land League candidate of full legal qualification are to be run as candidates by the Parnellites.—Mr. Egan, anticipating an early dissolution of Parliament, has sent a circular from Paris to the adherents of the League throughout Ireland, asking them to make immediate choice of anti-coercion candidates.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.—The charges against the manager of St. Paul's Industrial School are to be investigated by the Public Prosecutor, to whom the matter has been remitted by the Home Secretary, who cannot of his own authority order the examination of witnesses upon oath. Sir William Harcourt intends also to submit the wider question of the entire Industrial School system to the investigation of "an important and independent authority." Meanwhile news comes from Glasgow of similar alleged misconduct on the part of the matron and assistant-matron of the Girls' Industrial School at Lochburn, the former of whom has resigned. It is said that one girl was flogged naked, and afterwards placed under a spray bath "to cool her down." A Government inquiry is to be held immediately.

THE VIOLENT GALE, which began on Monday night and continued on Tuesday, seems to have been felt over a large portion of the

United Kingdom, and to have resulted in the loss of several lives on land and water, as well as in much destruction of property.

HOSPITALS FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES.—The Royal Commission appointed to consider the hospital accommodation in the metropolis in relation to infectious diseases held its first meeting on Monday. Lord Blachford is the President, and the other members are Sir James Paget, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Drs. John Burdon Sanderson, Alfred Carpenter, and W. H. Broadbent; and Messrs. A. W. Peel, M.P., E. L. Pemberton, M.P., and Jonathan Hutchinson, F.R.C.S.

THE ALLEGED FENIAN, TOBIN, who is still in custody under remand, has been identified by a railway shunter as one of two men whom he overheard conversing at a railway station a few weeks back about having sent arms to Leeds without being detected, and their intention to send a large quantity to Hull.—A number of revolvers have been fished out of the Bradford Canal by a boatman.

THE LOSS OF THE "CLAN MACDUFF."—The official inquiry into this disaster has resulted in a judgment blaming Captain Webster for faulty navigation, and for quitting his ship while part of the crew remained on board. The vessel was found to have been overloaded; but she was "strong, stout, and seaworthy," except her fidley house, a breach in which admitted the seas to the stoke-hole, and thus led to the wreck.

A FATAL COLLIERY EXPLOSION occurred at Deep Pit, Hanley, early on Monday morning. Two men were killed, and three others so badly burnt that their lives are despaired of. Fortunately the day-shift had not begun work, for had it been otherwise no fewer than 300 lives would have been endangered.



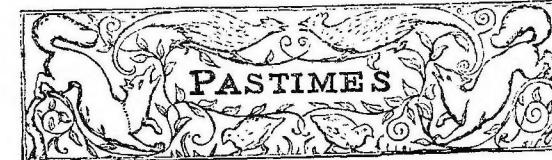
A LARGE and distinguished audience were attracted to the Town Hall, TWICKENHAM, on Saturday last, to witness the amateur performances, under the patronage of the Princess Mary, in aid of the funds of St. John's Hospital. The entertainments, which had been organised by Mrs. Henry Labouchere, consisted of the late Mr. Tom Taylor's *Plot and Passion*, and the comedietta called *A Fair Encounter*, by Mr. Rae. In the former piece Lady Monckton and Sir Charles Young took part; in the latter the two ladies who strive so hard to outwit each other were represented by Mrs. Labouchere and Mrs. Langtry. The latter lady's first appearance on a public stage excited special interest. Her performance was eminently graceful and self-possessed, indicating some talent for comedy acting. Her pleasing appearance in a pale pink costume furnished among the ladies present a fruitful topic of conversation.

The HAYMARKET, which may be said of late to have "suffered eclipse" in the hands of its temporary occupants, will happily resume this evening its wonted air. After a more than usually long holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft and their company reappear here in a revival of *Plot and Passion*, which is to be followed by a comedietta entitled *A Lesson*, adapted by Mr. Burnand from the sketch called *Lolotte*, by MM. Meilhac and Halévy. In the latter piece Mrs. Bancroft will play the part created (as French people say) by Madame Chaumont. The company is strengthened by the accession of Miss Ada Cavendish, who will appear in Mr. Taylor's drama, in association with Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Conway, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Pinero (late of the Lyceum), and other members of the company.

The hostile tariffs of the American custom-houses are not, it appears, successful in keeping out dramatic importations. A new comic opera, by Mr. Pottinger Stephens, with music by Mr. Solomon, is to be produced at the FIFTH AVENUE Theatre, New York, with dresses and scenery for which sketches and models have been forwarded from this country by the author. Mr. D'Oyley Carte, moreover, is arranging to take over the next Drury Lane pantomime at Easter to the same city, with all its scenery, properties, and costumes.—The revival of *It's Never Too Late to Mend* at the ADELPHI is so successful that the production of Mr. Pettit's new romantic drama is postponed to the new year.—Mr. Gilbert's farcical comedy, entitled *Engaged*, is to be revived on Monday next at the COURT Theatre, with Miss Marion Terry, Miss Emily Thorne, and Mr. Kyrie Bellew in their original characters. The part of Cheviot Hill, played at the Haymarket by the late Mr. George Honey, will be sustained by Mr. Byron.

Vera is the title of the new poetical drama of Russian life written by Mr. Oscar Wilde, which is shortly to be produced at a *matinée* at the ADELPHI Theatre. We may here remark that reports that Mr. Wilde has been engaged for the United States are premature. More than one offer has, we learn, been made him to give some "aesthetic" lectures in New York this winter, and negotiations are now in progress as to terms.—M. Lecocq's new operetta, *Day and Night*, will be produced under Mr. Farnie's superintendence at the STRAND Theatre after the run of *Olivette*.—Mr. Irving was presented in Edinburgh by some admirers last week with the gold repeater watch of John Philip Kemble.—M. Sardou's new play, entitled *Odette*, has been generally regarded as one which could hardly be made suitable to our stage. It is nevertheless stated on authority that the right to adapt it has been purchased by Mr. Bancroft.—The American journals report the death of Mrs. Edwin Booth, wife of the distinguished actor. Mrs. Booth accompanied her husband to England on his recent visit, but her state of health was at that time such as to cause grave anxiety.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—There is a capital bill of fare at ST. GEORGE'S HALL just now, consisting of W. S. Gilbert's *Age of Ags*; F. C. Burnand's *No. 104*; and Corney Grain's *Out of Town*.



THE TURF.—The Shrewsbury Meeting was a decided success, and the Great Shropshire Handicap turned out an exciting race. Pirceus of course started a strong favourite in a field of a dozen on the strength of his Liverpool victories, but when he seemed to have the race at his mercy, Wallenstein came up hand over hand and signalled reversed the Liverpool Cup running. The Tankerville Nursery produced an objection to MacAlpine, who came in first, and the race was awarded to Inchcape on the ground of a cannon, but Lemaire, MacAlpine's jockey, was acquitted of all blame by the stewards. Pirceus was again made first favourite for the Column Welter, but probably he has had enough of racing just lately, as he made nothing in the way of a bid for victory, which fell to the uncertain Tonans. For the Shrewsbury Cup it was thought that Edelweiss would maintain the premiership in the betting till the fall of the flag, but at the last there was a tremendous run on Spitzbergen, who it was rumoured had had a very satisfactory gallop with some of the Manton horses. The extreme confidence of his supporters was amply justified, and he beat Edelweiss after a

good race for half a length. Robbie Burns, once a clinker, put in an appearance for this race, as he did for the Shropshire Handicap, after a lengthened absence from the Tuf, but it is evident his star has set.—There has been very good sport this week at Derby, where Archer had four mounts, and rode four winners on the first day; and journeying on to Manchester scored twice on the day following. A large number of horses contested the several events at "Cottonopolis," and, though no very interesting events were in the programme, the gathering produced ample sport.—Robert the Devil has been sold to Mr. Waring, of the Beenham House Shiel, near Reading, for 8,000/-, a pretty fair sum, but much below what was asked for him, and indeed what he would have fetched, a year ago.—A happy change of name has been effected in the case of Mr. Pawnbroker by Mr. Corlett, who on purchasing him from Mr. Brook, has rechristened him "Redemption."—The last Queen's Plate of the season was won by Petronel at Shrewsbury, making the Plate Royal gift that has been secured by the son of Musket this season.

COURSES.—There were meetings in all directions last week, but of course that at Altcar took the lead, and as usual some first-class sport was had over that classic country. The Sefton Stakes for Puppies were divided between Mr. L. Pickington's Publicola, and Mr. D. J. Paterson's Paradyne; the Earl of Haddington took the Altcar Cup with Hawthorn Bloom; and Mr. Bass was credited with both the Molyneux and Hill House Stakes, the former with Brawler, and the latter with Bijou, one of the celebrated litter of Misterton and Coomassie, both winners of the Waterloo Cup.—The Ashdown Meeting, like its immediate predecessors, showed a falling off from the glories of olden times, but most enjoyable sport was had over one of the finest coursing grounds in the country.

FOOTBALL.—A better game than that played on Saturday last between the Clapham Rovers and the Old Etonians at Kennington Oval is hardly likely to be witnessed this season. When they met a little time back, so evenly were they balanced that the game was a draw, and on Saturday the Old Etonians only just managed to make one goal, which decided the game. It is now thought that the winners are not unlikely to hold their own all through the Association Cup Contest. In the second round of this tournament another "draw" between two important clubs has been decided, the Blackburn Rovers this time having beaten the Bolton Wanderers by six goals to two.—Under Rugby Rules the London Athletic Club have made a draw with the London Scottish at Stamford Bridge; at Oxford the University has defeated the almost invincible Blackheath team; Cambridge has beaten the Royal Engineers; and the joint forces of the two Universities have played a "draw" with London.—Under Association Rules the Aston Villa team have been defeated by the Blackburn Rovers.—At Eton, in the "Field," the boys have proved themselves better men than Paravicini's team of Old Etonians, but the visitors managed to beat the "Oppidans" at "The Wall."

AQUATICS.—At Cambridge the Colquhoun Sculls have been won by Fellows, of Trinity; Barton, of Caius, just beating Logan, of Sidney, for second.—At Oxford Dr. Darbshire, the well-known stroke, has been elected Coroner for the University.—It seems that the chief interest in sculling is centred in America and Australia, the latter country evincing a great desire to induce Hanlan and Ross to pay a visit to the Antipodes and "show their muscles," while "our Mr. Boyd" can be accommodated with any number of matches if he will only go South. Boyd expresses his willingness so to do, but we hardly imagine real "business" is anticipated. Cannot something be done to bring about a *bond fide* meeting of all the best scullers in the world on our own waters some time next year?—From Australia we hear that Michael Rush, of Clarence River, has "shipped his sculls" for ever, and that his many admirers have presented him with a handsome service of silver.—"Our Mr. Henry Kelly" has returned from America safe and sound.

PEDESTRIANISM.—It may be remembered that some little time ago two young pedestrians, Griffin and Franks, were credited with doing over eight miles in the hour, "fair heel and toe," but the record was questioned in several quarters. On Monday last, Franks having backed himself to perform the feat, while Thatcher, the well-known "walkist," supported "Time," came on the path at Lillie Bridge, and right manfully and fairly did he accomplish it, doing the eight miles within the hour, with six seconds to spare. We must not talk of the degeneracy of the race or age after this; and there is little doubt but that the athletes of old would not be "in the same street" with our modern "peds" at any distance.

HUNTING.—As for racing, so will the present be long remembered as one of the most "open" seasons on record up to date for hunting. Splendid runs, too, in all directions have been the order of the day, but there has also been a large crop of accidents. Among them may be noted two with the Albrington Hounds on Saturday last. At a wire fence Mr. Monckton, M.P., came to great grief, breaking a rib and being taken home insensible; and at a stiff hedge with posts and rails Mr. Hinckman broke two ribs and displaced a third. However, he remounted, to the end of the run held his place in the first flight, and then rode home a distance of sixteen miles. Here again we have a pretty good instance that the race is not degenerating as regards pluck in field sports.

CRICKET.—It has been rightly said that where an Englishman is there is cricket. At Syracuse, on their "land legs," the Eleven of H.M.S. *Alexandra* have beaten the Eleven of H.M.S. *Timeraire*; at Pretoria, the Garrison has beaten the Town; and at Darjeeling the "Civil and Military" have beaten "The World" by one run.

RUNNING.—The cross-country handicap of the London Midland Athletic Club for a silver medal took place last Saturday afternoon in the Highgate and Hampstead region, in magnificent weather. The field was a large one, no less than twenty-six runners out of forty-one entries. The winner covered the distance, five miles and a half and a fraction over, in 32 min. 31 sec. The race was hot from start to finish. The winner, T. O'Connor, obtaining the lead at three-parts the distance, was never pressed, and won by one minute from S. H. Stevens, who ran gamely to the end.

INDUSTRIAL IRELAND ONCE AGAIN

A LAST word about Irish fisheries, about which whatever difference of opinion there may be, no one doubts that they are not in a satisfactory state. The question is a very wide one, and those who wish to go far into it must consult the reports of the Inspectors, whereof, by the kindness of Mr. T. F. Brady, the latest is now in my hands.

Fishing was one of the old Irish industries. The O'Donnell was dubbed "King of Fish" by the Spanish, who used to bring over wine in return for the Lenten fare which, afterwards, when Elizabeth's wars had wrought the desolation calmly looked forward to by her statesmen, they had to get from heretical Cornwall. But with the great revival of a century ago the fisheries revived. Arthur Young, who saw 370 big salmon hauled in at once on the Bann, the price fresh being 1d. or 1½d. a pound, and the salted salmon going not to London only, but to Spain and Italy, and fetching 18/- to 20/- a ton, found the sea-fisheries also very thriving in some places. Thus Mr. Alexander, on Lough Swilly, had got up a great trade with the West Indies in salt herrings, and one good result of his and similar efforts was that "the fishermen are a sure nursery of seamen." Near Killybegs, too, Lord Conyngham's agent was doing a great trade in herrings. At Galway the fish were growing scarce, and the men were idle. At Waterford the takes were often very large; but curing was so neglected that salt herrings were imported from Sweden, while "the whole land stank" of the Irish ones.

Young's summing up is that the fisheries might be converted into "sands of wealth, but capital is such an universal want in Ireland that very little is done." These words are just as applicable to the fisheries now as they were a century ago; and equally true is the following: "No manufacture or trade can be of half the consequence to Ireland that her fisheries might prove if encouraged with judgment. There is no undertaking whatever in which a small capital goes so far; nor any in which the largest will pay such ample profits." Bounties, Young thought, had done more harm than good. They had caused fraud and robbery, which the Irish Commons' Committee seemed unable to check; they were given, too, to the wrong class of persons. The object ought not to be to offer a premium to the capitalist, but to put capital into the hands of the fishermen themselves: "the best bounty would be to give boats and nets to men used to the fishery, because few are able to buy or build them." Nothing could have proved more conclusively how applicable Young's remarks are to the present time than the good results which followed the munificent gift of 100,000 dollars voted in March, 1880, by the Canadian Government for the relief of Irish distress. The Reproductive Loan Fund has done much good; last year in eight counties it lent 5,914/-; and the inspectors testify that even small loans had enabled many to continue fishing, and to purchase new gear, besides keeping their families during a very hard season, whereas without such help they must have sunk. One and all they recommend more loans; so many deserving cases have to be rejected, and it is so hard to apportion a very small sum among a multitude of equally good applicants. Here is a case for the philanthropist; there are men to whom 6,800/-, the sum available for Government loans, would be almost nothing; the coastguard are trustworthy authorities as to character; and, as was abundantly evident in the distribution of the Canadian fund, a gift is often the salvation of a poor fellow who, though quite deserving, is unable to get such security as Government requires. It was a happy thought of Sir M. Hicks Beach to propose grants to fishermen, and help in erecting fishing piers in distressed districts, to the Duchess of Marlborough's and the Dublin Lord Mayor's Committees.

The work on piers and harbours was shackled with much red tape from the Treasury Chambers. Similar work, too, had been going on on a rather a large scale with Government help, for some thirty years, the result (as "my lords" said) being the reverse of satisfactory, piers sometimes being set up solely for the good of the adjoining property. But the help in boats and gear to needy fishermen was thoroughly successful. On the whole very little money seems to have gone astray; and extracts like the following show how much good was done. "In one place where nets to the value of under 200/- were given, in four weeks the boats brought in over 1,200/- worth of mackerel. In another, a poor man on the point of going into the workhouse got a boat built at a cost of less than 12/-, and in three nights his crew realised over 60/- from herrings, —on the whole it was calculated that at least thrice the 11,000/- spent on fishing gear had been gained by those thus helped; most of them being so unable to help themselves as to have been kept alive during the winter of 1879-80 by charitable relief committees. There were thousands for whom nothing could be done; for even the 100,000 dollars were but a drop in the ocean." But the good that was effected shows that Arthur Young was right, and that more of this kind of help is what is wanted. And this fishing population is worth preserving. The inspectors testify to the generally excellent conduct of the men: "They are strong, hardy, honest, well-behaved, and most anxious to earn a livelihood." The whole coast, too, ought to be a feeder of the navy, and there should be a training-ship at Killybegs. Many of these fishers are cottiers also, the poor, profitless patches to which they cling being wholly inadequate, under any Land Act, to maintain them without other work. Such men deserve encouragement, which may be of various kinds. I heard of a priest in county Cork who lately urged upon his flock by precept and example the duty of reaping more fully the "harvest of the sea." Why should not every priest along the Irish seaboard do something of the same kind? The priests are well-cared for; all honour to Pat for providing so well out of his deep poverty for those whom he believes to be sole ministers of salvation. And this good provision enables them, if they please, to start a Fisheries Fund, in which many mickles would soon make a muckle. Another kind of help is that from Companies whose foremost object is their own gain. Such is the Scovell Hamble Fishing Company, that came some thirty years ago from Southampton to Baltimore, bringing pots, lines, corks, &c., which they supplied to the fishermen at cost price on easy terms—instalments of 1s. a dozen on the big fish which they caught. It was many years before they could persuade the men to deal with them—fishermen are conservative; the Canadian Committee found they had to be very careful to supply exactly the kind of gear that was asked for;—but now they have a very valuable fishery, and have formed at Finvarra, Co. Galway, a huge reservoir for keeping and feeding lobsters, and especially crayfish.

But why is it necessary to do all this in Ireland, while in England and Scotland the fishermen get on without it? They did not begin without it in Great Britain. Much money was spent by Government, and by private individuals; many mistakes were made; and there was much robbery, before the Scotch and English fisheries got firmly established. In Ireland there has been no enterprising middle class to take the matter up. Many land owners in Arthur Young's day were zealous fishery owners; but land owners have almost ceased to take interest in the matter, and there has been no one to supply their place. Half the energy and capital that have been put into the whisky manufacture, which has restored a cathedral in Dublin and brutalised thousands in England as well as in Ireland, would, if applied to the fisheries, have raised the whole West coast out of chronic misery into prosperity.

No doubt the fish are capricious; the works on Rutland Island—Government curing-houses and the like, of which the only remains are a chimney or two peering through the hills of drifted sand,—were built in consequence of several vast takes of herrings. Very soon after, we are told, the fish deserted that part of the coast, and have never come back in any great numbers. But Irish fishing got its severest blow in the famine of '46. The men died or emigrated, there was no money for repairs, things seemed to the soon-discouraged "Celt" absolutely hopeless. The helpers were too intent on keeping as many as possible from starvation to think of grants for gear, &c., such as were made last year.

Mr. Brady reminds me that kelp-burning, which used to be such a picturesque feature in a Clare or Donegal shore-landscape, helped to ruin the fisheries. It was so much more profitable when kelp brought 6/- or 7/- a ton—and so much easier, and therefore suited to what untruthful Geraldus calls Pat's *otiositas*. But kelp won't pay now; and the men who would fain come back to fishing find their gear "run out." "Fortunes could have been made on the West coast this year (1881)" (writes an inspector) "had there been sufficient gear, so great was and the influx of fish of all kinds." But three years of bad harvests had thrown the people into debt, and they could get no credit—partly, perhaps, because the whole country was in such a disturbed state.

Surely it is a case for collective effort; if the priests take it up, if *bond fide* Irish companies are started, English help will not be wanting. Why, you can buy a curragh (*coracle*)—the only sort of boat that can be used on some parts of the iron-bound West) for 4/- or so; and such a boat would make the fortune of many a Clare and Galway cottier. Inland English towns furnish our coast with life-boats; let inland Irish towns supply the Western seaboard with canoes. Self-help is sure to call out help from other quarters; and, as Young said, the thing will certainly pay in the long run.

H. S. FAGAN



KING THEEBAW OF BURMAH wants a chapel on the plan of St. Peter's at Rome built at Mandalay, and has imported a number of Italian builders to work out the designs.

HERR WAGNER is planning a new work on a classical subject, and goes to Greece in the spring to complete the necessary studies. He intends to winter in Italy for the sake of his health.

MILLE. SARAH BERNHARDT AND THE VIENNESE PAINTER, HERR MAKART, have been exchanging artistic civilities by taking each other's portraits during the actress's recent visit to Vienna.

TELEPHONIC SOIRÉES are decidedly coming into fashion in Paris. President Grévy has had telephones laid on from three theatres to a room in the Elysée, four persons at once being thus able to listen to each performance.

THE PROPOSED ELECTRIC RAILWAY ROUND PARIS seems likely to be carried out. The railway would be about 15 ft wide, supported on pillars 130 ft. to 160 ft. apart, while there would be stations at intervals of 400 yards. The gauge would be 4 ft.

THE SEINE WAS CROSSED ON HORSEBACK last week by the Vicomte de Civry, mounted on a descendant of the famous Gladiateur. The passage was made from the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne to Suresnes, the strong current having carried the rider 200 mètres out of his course.

SOME CURIOUS FIVE-FLORIN NOTES have lately been issued in Austria. On holding the bills to the light the vignettes of the Emperor Francis Joseph on the face and reverse are so blended as to produce the likeness of the German Emperor. This is considered a good omen, and the bills are called accordingly "alliance bills."

DIVORCES IN AMERICA are becoming such everyday occurrences, that a Transatlantic contemporary now provides the additional heading of "Divorced" among the usual announcements of "Cradle, Altar, and Tomb," as the Americans prefer to style births, marriages, and deaths. Here is the formula:—"WINNE.—November 5, by Justice Osborne, Betsy Winne, from her husband, Bernard, of Cohoes."

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S curious habits of seclusion are gradually arousing serious discontent among his subjects, who are openly discussing the propriety of interpellating the Government on the matter, so as to ascertain whether it is possible to induce the King to change his relations with his people, and to clearly define his attitude, either as a reigning head of the State, or as a Royal private gentleman.

TRANSATLANTIC FASHION NOTES are worded in somewhat queer phraseology for English ears. Thus we learn from a ladies' column in the *Albany Sunday Press* that "tresses and knots of hair, ringlets and bangs, are all of consequence at present;" and that "round, plain, plated, pointed, and shirred bodices are all fashionable." Then the same authority also informs us that "London swells sometimes order twenty-five suits of clothes at the same time."

THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL'S CRADLE.—

Should Liverpool's Mayor ever bee
Mayde faither in his yeere of Mayrollee,
There shall be gyven bye his towsmen free
A sylver cradle to his fayre laydee.

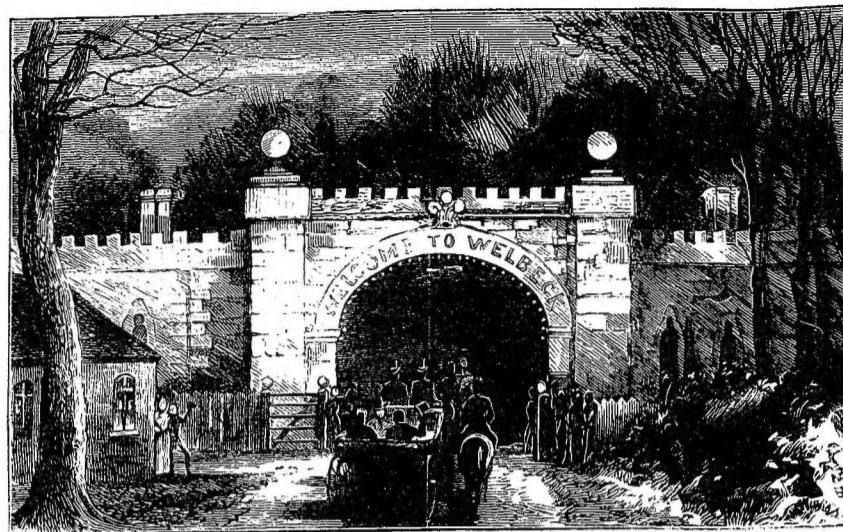
So runs the ancient legend that has moved the citizens of this rich borough to make these gifts on several occasions, the last of which has occurred this year, and a cradle, the production of Messrs. Elkington, been presented to the Mayress.

THE INDIAN VICEROY has lately been on a sporting excursion near Simla, and much to everybody's delight relieved the monotony of pheasant-shooting by killing a bear. As game of any consequence is rare in the neighbourhood, the event was much discussed, when a rumour suddenly got abroad in Simla that two tame bears which for some time past had sat weekly chained to two doors in the town had disappeared. Malicious gossip accordingly declares that the creatures had been surreptitiously sent off to afford sport for the Viceregal party.

GEOGRAPHY AND THE "GRAPHIC" PICTURES.—Mr. John E. Bolton, A. C. P., of Edenholme, Eckington, Chesterfield, writes thus:—"For several years now I have used the *Graphic* illustrations weekly for the purpose of aiding my scholars to understand more readily the geography which they are to be annually examined in by Her Majesty's inspector, and so satisfactory has the result been that I have thought it might be worth your while to issue in a book form pictures from the old blocks of the *Graphic*, showing places of interest in British Colonies, England, British Isles, Europe, &c. For such a book there would be an extensive demand in the elementary schools of the Kingdom."

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,434 deaths were registered against 1,636 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 202, being 302 below the average, and at the rate of 19.5 per 1,000. There were 13 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 14), 35 from measles (a decrease of 6), 40 from scarlet fever (a decline of 9), 15 from diphtheria (a decrease of 8), 43 from whooping cough, 9 from typhus fever (an increase of 6), 33 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 6 from diarrhoea (a decrease of 7), 1 from dysentery, and 345 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 88, and 104 below the average), of which 221 were referred to bronchitis, and 85 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 33 deaths, of which 28 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,623 births registered against 2,738 during the previous week, being 21 below the average. The mean temperature was 49 deg., and 7.3 deg. above the average.

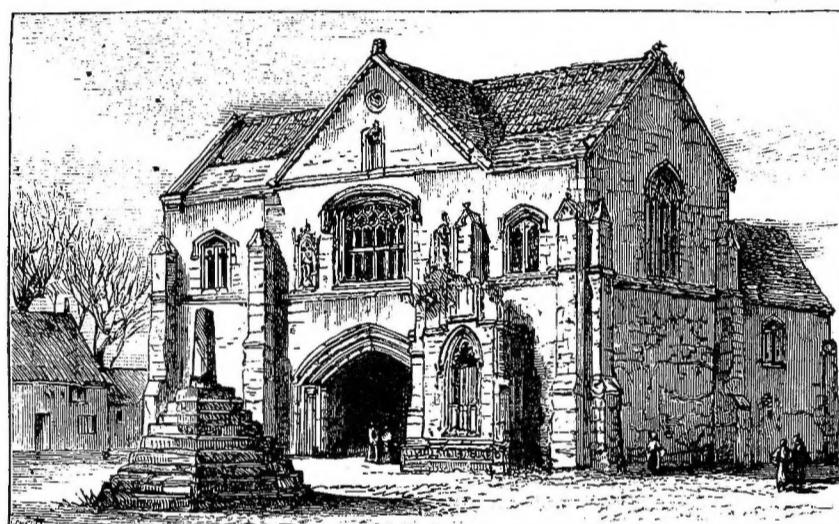
A NEW MUSEUM OF ART AND INDUSTRY, on the model of the South Kensington Institution, was opened at Berlin on Monday, the birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany, to whose initiative the undertaking is principally due. A Training School for Design has existed at Berlin for some years past, and in connection with this a large collection of Art objects has gradually accumulated, chiefly through gifts of the Emperor, while, owing to the large number of purchases made by the Director at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, it became necessary to erect special buildings for their display. As also the Germans had hitherto no opportunity of studying Indian art, it was decided that Indian exhibits should form a special feature of the collection. The new Museum is a huge square building in the classical style, the exterior and interior being gorgeously decorated with sculpture, friezes, and glass mosaic illustrating the history and development of art and civilisation throughout the globe. It was inaugurated with great ceremony by the Crown Prince and Princess and their family, the chief German and Foreign Ministers, and numerous Court, municipal, artistic, and scientific representatives being present, including Sir P. Cunliffe Owen. In the Indian art department the Queen has sent an important collection from Windsor, the Duke of Edinburgh, the South Kensington Museum, Lord Lytton, and various private collectors having also largely contributed, while other features in the new museum are Dr. Schliemann's Trojan collection, lately presented to the Emperor, and a fine display of metal and enamel work, glass, pottery, furniture, &c. The School of Industrial and Decorative Art attached to the Museum has a yearly attendance of from 800 to 1,000 students, and is furnished with an admirable library.



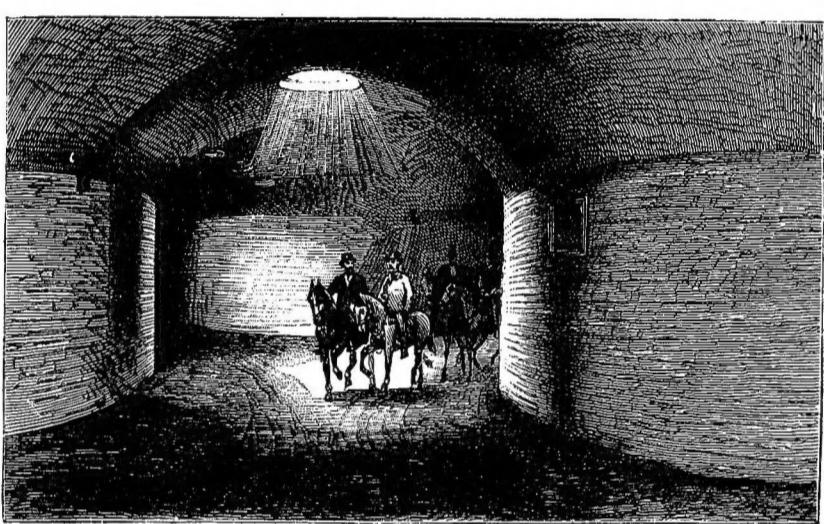
ENTRANCE TO THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE



THE GREEN DALE OAK IN WELBECK PARK



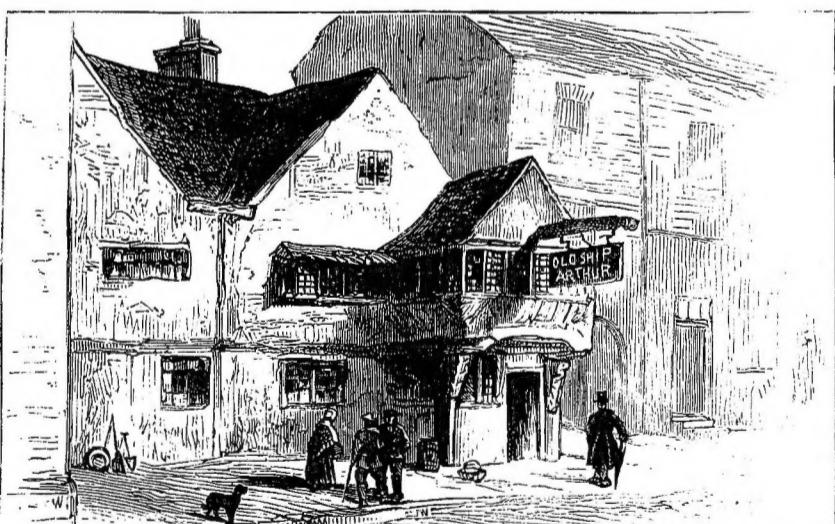
THE ABBEY GATEWAY AND CROSS



JUNCTION IN THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE



ABBEY CHURCH AND OLD MILL, WORKSOP

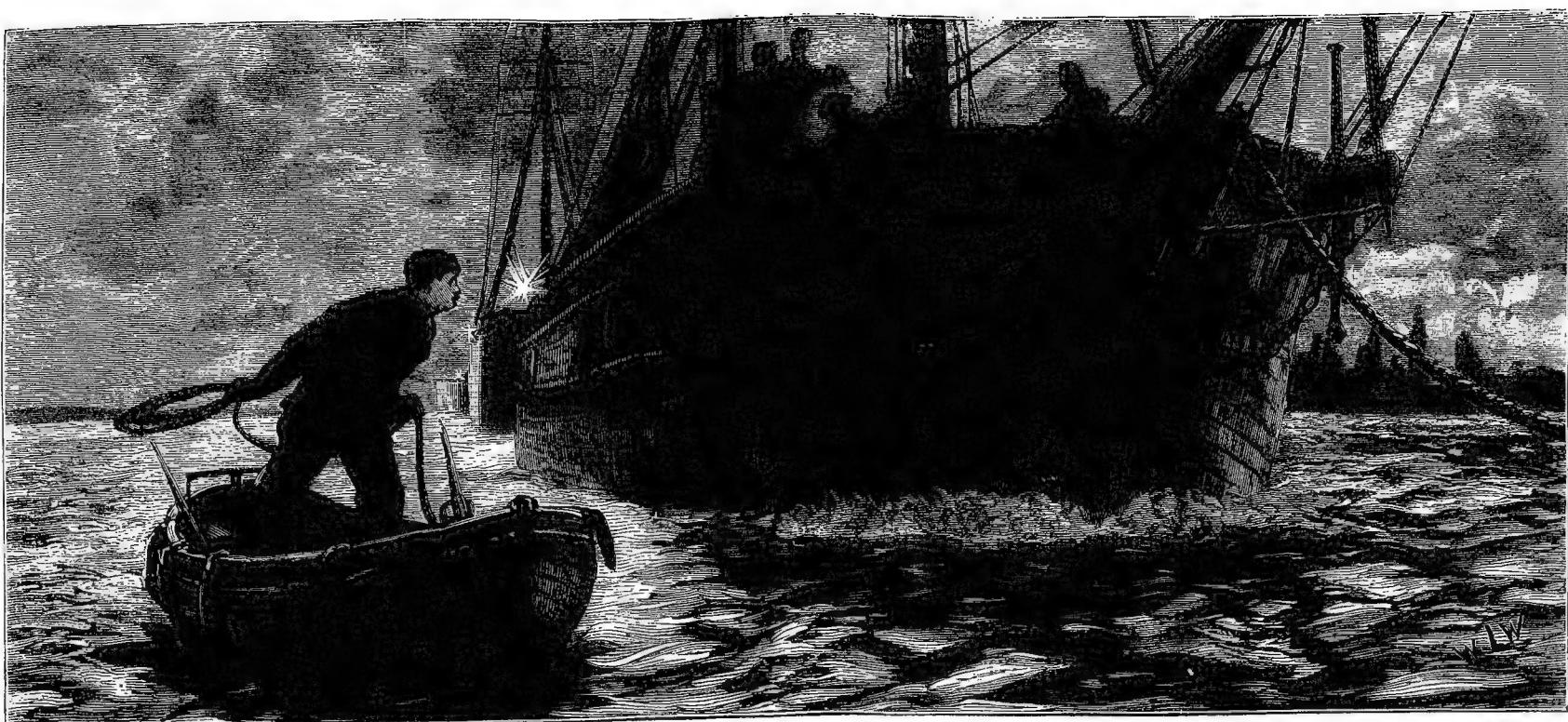


THE OLD SHIP INN, BRIDGE STREET, WORKSOP

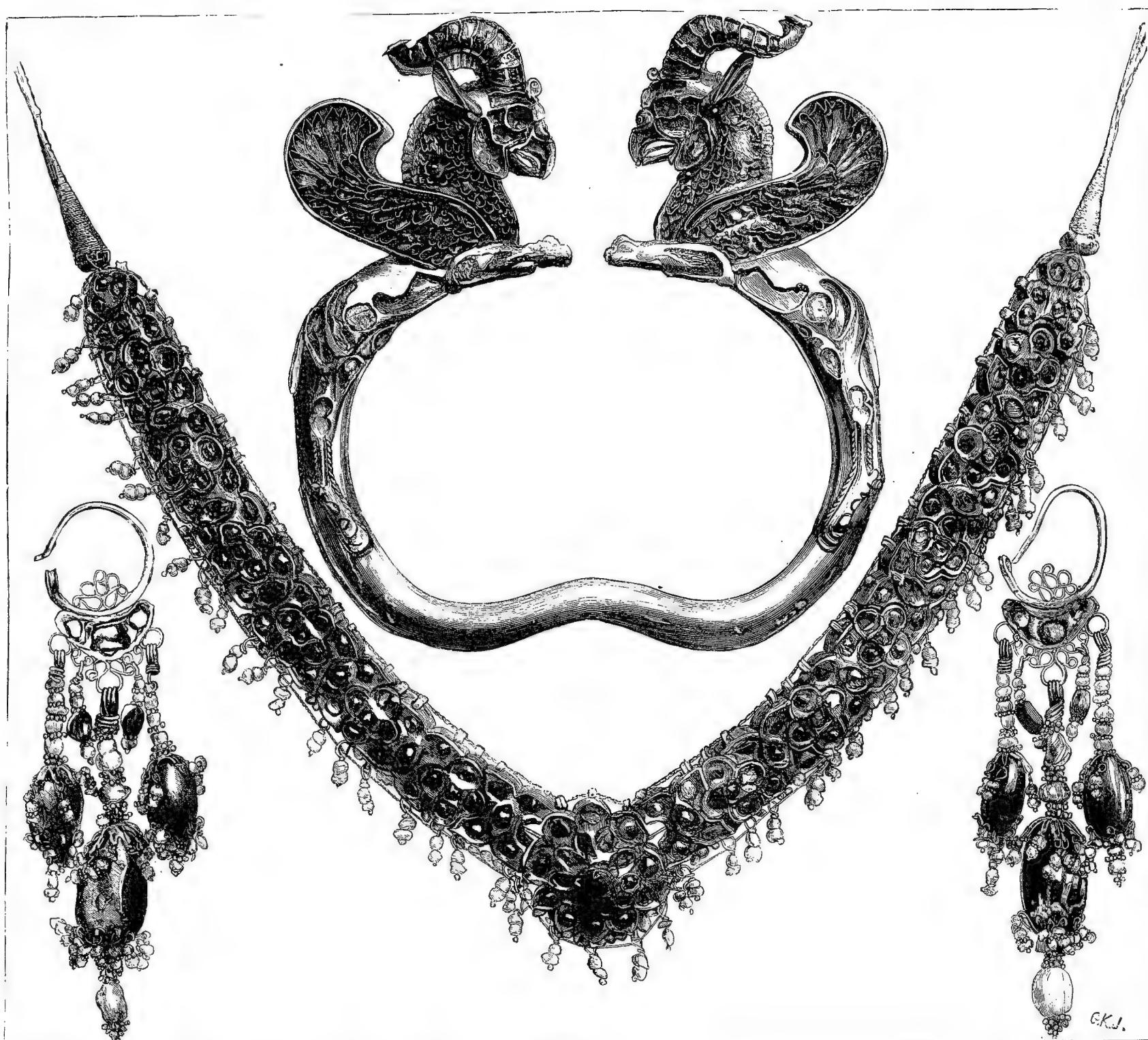


WELBECK ABBEY

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WELBECK, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE



THE DETROIT RIVER MARINE REPORTER



INDIAN JEWELRY

INDIAN JEWELRY

We recently received from India a photograph of the jewels illustrated on the preceding page. As no description, or information of any sort, was sent with it, we applied to the "Referee" for Indian Art at South Kensington Museum; and the following is his answer:

The strung jewelry consists of the earrings, and necklace (*Kanthi*), fitting close on the neck, worn by men, and by women also, all over India. It is of the North-West type, and probably of not later than seventeenth-century manufacture.

Of the other ornament of solid gold, I can say nothing to the point, although much may be written round about it. Since receiving your photograph of it, I have received another from Mr. Caspar Purdon Clarke, who has seen the original in Cashmere, where it was reported by the merchants who brought it from Bokhara, to have been found on the banks of the Oxus, together with a number of solid gold idols. It was moreover reported by these travelling merchants to be the top of the sceptre of Roxana: but the people of Central Asia and the Punjab trace in every wonderful thing of the sort the noble dust of Alexander. It is without date or inscription, and as the English officer who bought it had not the money to buy also the idols found with it, which were, therefore, chopped up into gold pieces, to pay the Bokhara merchants' way through India, I can only guess at its nature, use, and art history.

As it is associated with unmistakable Indian jewelry in your photograph, I might, but for Mr. Caspar Purdon Clarke's information, have guessed it to be of Indian workmanship, representing, under the Griffin form, the Garuda, or Seraph-bird, which, in the Puranic mythology of India, is the vehicle of Vishnu. The Garuda is generally represented in Indian jewelry turning its back on its double self, but often also face to its own face, as these Griffins are; and notwithstanding Mr. Caspar Purdon Clarke's information regarding it, this remarkable ornament might still be claimed as of Indian origin. Many of the wonderful forms of fable which we find described by Pliny (Book vii., c. 2; Book viii., c. 21; Book x., c. 49,) and Aelian, probably originated in the exuberant imagination of the people of India before they were adopted in Chaldaea and Egypt, and, through Chaldaea, in Assyria and Persia; and were carried by the Phoenicians from Egypt and Assyria into Europe; where some of them were received also into Greek and Roman mythology, and some were degraded to the mere use of ornament in Greek, Etruscan, and Roman Art.

In the India Museum at South Kensington there is a Masulipatam chintz, on the border of which the double-headed eagle, a form of the Garuda, is represented in alternation with a winged bull. On other cloths there, printed for the use of the temples of Southern India, the winged bull and lion are represented in the same massive manner as at Nineveh, and also the Sphinx. These fabrics are at least one hundred years old, and the Assyrian forms printed on them cannot therefore have been derived from the discoveries made in our generation at Nineveh. They are not original Indian forms as depicted on these fabrics. They are unmistakable Assyrian forms, derived from Assyria through the ancient traffic with the Euphrates Valley; but they would never have been traditionally perpetuated, through so many generations, in India, did they not give natural expression to the instinctive religious ideas of the Hindus which they symbolise. Their occurrence on the temple cloths has a wholly different significance from that of the Chimera, and Sphinx, in Indian illuminations and pottery of Saracen origin; and of the Centaurs, the Pegasus, Harpies, and mermen (fish-form of Vishnu, Dagon, the Tritons), and mermaids on the ancient sculptures of Orissa, where these forms have no other meaning than ornament, derived through Greek or Roman influences. The Sphinx made by the potters of Surat has so strong a local and perfectly spontaneous character that it may possibly have originated in the trade between India and Egypt anterior to the rise of the Saracen dominion, or be even of indigenous development. It is, however, made by the Mahomedans, together with a number of other forms, human and bestial, neither idols, nor exactly toys, the survivals, it may be, of the household gods of the pagan Arabs, similar to those which Mahomed swept out from the Kaaba at Mecca. The creation of fanciful beings, compounded of birds, beasts, and the human form divine, seems to be a universal and abiding distinction, or mark of difference, of the Hindus; and what is so peculiar to them is that the animated monsters of their mind have the appearance of truth to nature. One of the most popular books sold in the native bazaars of India is entitled "The Fictitious Wonders of the World." It is filled with illustrations which might pass for the originals of the plates in Sir John Maundevile's "Travels," and the most extravagantly contrived creatures therein represented seem like the living reflection of real animals. With us, on the contrary, in the whole lugubrious series of Cooke's "Grotesque Animals," there is only one that looks in the least natural. The much-abused Griffin which stands guard over the wealth of the City of London, at Temple Bar, appears to me a success; but, surely, its hindquarters, with that skulking tail, are not consistent with its forward, defiant front.

The origin of the historical fabulous animals, such as the Phoenix, Pegasus, the Cherubs and Seraphs (Milton's "celestial ardours") and Winged Lions, and Bulls, and Griffins, of all kinds, Circe, the Sirens, the Harpies, the Striges, and Stymphalian birds was probably in the cabalistic science of the ancients. Speaking in general terms, beautiful and noble animals, and their combinations, typify the day, summer, life, divinity, and glory; while ignoble, repulsive ones, the night, winter, death, the demoniacal powers, and Hades. There are also graceful forms representing night, and the night side of human life and destiny, under their less malignant aspects. Thus Garuda, the Day, is the slayer of the Serpent, Night. The double-headed Garuda is the Sun-rise and the Sun-set; the Phoenix also is the Sun at its up-rising, at midday, and at its down-setting. The Garuda takes the form of different birds in different parts of India, and on Masulipatam chintzes the peacock is often represented killing serpents. In European heraldry, the eagle, the most noble of all the birds of the sun, is frequently represented killing serpents. Gradually in the process of the degradation of astronomical myths a local habitation, now here, now there, was given to these symbolical creatures, which were also identified with now this, now that zoological species, and at last reduced to the servile office of providing the supernatural machinery of romances, and even of furnishing forth heraldic crests and shields. Thus the Garuda and the Phoenix are the *Phu* of Japan and China, the *Rukh* of "The Arabian Nights' Tales," the *Simurgh* of the Persians: although the latter, like the *Barrug* (literally "lightning," symbolically prayer), or Seraph-beast, which bore Mahomed to heaven, is as much a Griffin as a Phoenix. The Griffin again we find passing into Fire-Drakes, Cockatrices or Basilisks, and Wyverns; and it is the father of the Hippogriff or Griffin-horse of the "Orlando Furioso."

The figures ornamenting the top of "the sceptre of Roxana," —for let us so call it with the white-robed merchants from Bokhara—are griffins, griffens, griffons, gryphons, or griffys, of the most antique and distinctly symbolical mould. They are extremely interesting as coming from the very mountainous region in which classical writers place the mythical Griffins who, they say, guard the gold of India against the one-eyed Arimaspians, a people of the Russia, as it is conjectured, of their age. Pliny and Aelian follow Ctesias in their accounts of fabulous animals, and Ctesias evidently describes them from the hieroglyphic sculptures of Nineveh and Persepolis; and it is highly suggestive to find how they refer so many of them to India as their native country. The Griffin they describe as having the body and feet of a lion and the head and wings of

an eagle, with red feathers on its breast. It has "long ears," and easily hears the stealthy approach of the one-eyed Arimaspians, whom it catches and tears to pieces. Thus Milton, "Paradise Lost, II." :

"As when a Gryphon through the wilderness

"Pursues the Arimaspians, &c., &c.

It was said to be the offspring of the lion and the eagle, both the sun's own creatures, and was often represented supporting a wheel, the emblem of the sun's revolution. The ancient painters also represented the chariot of the Sun as drawn by Griffins, and the chariot of Jupiter and Nemesis, to which latter deity the Griffin was especially sacred. It was also sacred to Apollo, "the far-darter," and is represented on an ancient gem supporting the lyre, which is his attribute as "the lord of music," between its fore paws.

The Griffins on "the sceptre of Roxana" are noticeable chiefly for the great length of their ears and their royal horns. The latter feature is not to be found in any Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, or Roman Griffins known to me. Horned Griffins are, however, represented on Assyrian cylinders, guarding the Tree of Life, the *Soma* plant of India, and in other associations; and with eagle-like feet as in these Griffins; an appearance caused simply by the development of their lion-like claws, so that they look like talons. Sir John Maundevile writes of the Griffin: "Some men say that they have the body upward as an eagle, and downward as a lion. . . . but he hath his talons so large and so great upon his feet as so that men make though they were horns of great oxen. . . . so that men make cups of them to drink of, and of their ribs and of the pens of their wings men make bows full strong to shoot with arrows and square bolts."

If I must guess I should say that this ornament was certainly not Indian, nor even Persian, subsequent to the rise of the Sassanian dynasty, in the second and third centuries A.D., and that it is probably of Bactrian origin. Its style is strongly local and spontaneous, and it is really an ancient relic wherever it was originally produced. The drawing of the Griffins is far too powerful and powerful for Sassanian Art. Nothing can be more terrible than their aspect, which is, however, partly owing to their being deeply graven with the grooves which, I presume, were once filled in with enamel or gems. They remind one of the description in the Book of Revelation of the locusts shaped like horses which come out of the smoke of the bottomless pit, and on their heads as it were crowns of gold, and the sound of their wings as the sound of chariots running to battle. They are also very like Blake's ghost of a flea, as a friend reminds me.

The strange ornament may well have been the top of a sceptre. With a rod added it would resemble the Caduceus of Hermes, while the Griffins, which replace the serpents' heads of the Caduceus, would symbolise the mystical consecration of empire by the supernatural unction of the gods.

It may be as well to add in conclusion that from the association of the Griffin with Apollo, as the "giver of prophecy," we derive the words logograph and griffonage. I do not know why newly-appointed civil and military officers are called griffins all over India, except it be for the brave lion-heart and eagle-like proud spirit they bring to the service of their country, as guardians of the gold of India :

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

GEORGE BIRDWOOD



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The current number of "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" is Cherubini's "Fourth Mass in C," with Latin words only. This well-got-up and handy edition will prove a boon to Choral Societies.—The latest number of the "Music Primers" is "Double Counterpoint and Canon," following upon Counterpoint, both of which clever works are by J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc., Oxon. Students who have worked up to this advanced stage of musical composition will gain much information from this cleverly compiled volume. There is an appendix which contains some admirable specimens of canons and quadruple counterpoint by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schumann, J. S. Bach, Mozart, and others.—"First Sonata in D for the Organ," by B. Luard Selby, is a thoroughly well-written composition, which should be on every organist's desk; it will make its mark at a sacred or secular concert.—"Novello's Collection of Trios, Quartets, &c., for Female Voices," contains (from Nos. 114 to 122) three trios, entitled respectively "Who Hath Bound the Deep, Deep River," "April Showers," and "When Evening's Twilight," music by the veteran favourite, J. L. Hatton. The poetry of the two first form "Green's Nursery Annual," the last named is anonymous.—Four trios, music by H. Marschner, are "Christmas Eve," "Upwards," "The Stork's Return," and "The Nymphs in the Rhine," the words for which are translated from the German by the Rev. J. Troutbeck.—Very pleasing are a quartet for female voices, "May Dance," by Asger Hamerick, and a trio "Gipsy Life," by R. Schumann; for the former the Rev. J. Troutbeck has supplied the translation from the German; for the latter J. Oxenford has written the words.—No. 168 of "The Orpheus" (new series), is a glee for five male voices, the music by Samuel Wesley, the words "I Wish to Tune My Quiv'ring Lyre," freely adapted by Lord Byron from Anacreon.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A. G. Thomas's setting of the 130th Psalm, "Out of the Deep" has been arranged in a musically manner by Myles Foster for the organ.—A grand effect may be produced by a mezzo-soprano with a "Serenade," words by Georgina F. Johnstone, music by Louis Liebe, especially if there be a violinist at hand who can play the graceful obligato accompaniment for that instrument.—Two songs of more than ordinary merit, music by Maude V. White, are "Heureux Qui Peut Aimer," a love poem by Victor Hugo; and "To Electra," by Robert Herrick. The only objection to be made to these songs is that they are in fact pianoforte pieces with vocal accompaniments.—A very pathetic poem by Whyte Melville is "The Angel's Flower," prettily set to music by Malcolm Lawson.—"A Children's Opera," "The Fairy Wedding," by Cotsford Dick, is a misnomer, as there are no words to the very bright and joyous music, which deserves a libretto. As it is, this music will be found useful illustrated by *tableaux* or charades.—"Three Anglaises" for the pianoforte, by Bond Andrews, are pretty trifles, each occupying but two pages; they may be speedily learnt by heart, but give them so Anglo-Franco a title?

MESSRS. MOUTRIE AND SON.—A pleasing *barcarole* of a somewhat ordinary type, arranged for two voices, is "Our Island of Love," written and composed by Charles Searle and Francesco Berger; as an after-dinner duet there is much to be said in favour thereof.—A salutary hint to young gentlemen who murmur soft nothings into silly maidens' ears is conveyed in "The Cavalier's Whisper," words by W. C. Bennett, music by M. Krohn. A small-voiced tenor will find this song very effective if well sung.—Again we come upon an after-dinner or penny reading duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone. Most useful in its way is "The Message from the Stars," the high-pressure words are by Miss A. C. Clough, the music by J. Trousselle, by the above composer is a sprightly *caprice* for the pianoforte, "Elfen Tanz."

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—A song of a manly type, useful for a baritone as an encore, is "A Noble Knight," the words

translated from the German by Anne B. Sykes; music by C. Oberthür.—A companion for the above is "A Sailor's Life," the words by Dibdin, music by T. H. Cooke. *Nota bene*, this song may be sung anywhere without fee or special permission.



WE are glad Mr. Wirt Sikes, in "Old South Wales" (Sampson Low), has come back to his first love. His "Welsh Folk Lore" was delightful, and the present volume quite equals it in charm of style, and surpasses it in variety of interest. From the Old World remains at Caerleon to the humours of a Welsh fair of to-day, nothing comes amiss to the U.S. Consul at Cardiff. His keen insight, his descriptive power, his thorough *rappor* with the scenes and the people that he describes, mark him as a worthy successor of Geoffrey Crayon. His book is by no means superficial (though he strangely ignores Bishop Watson's wretched work at Llandaff); he dives into early Norman history, giving (for instance) in Kidwelly the sad tale of Gwenllian the beautiful and the savage De Londres. He knows all about the different races whose features are still so marked in the counties of South Wales. He is very anxious to maintain, against the *Daily Telegraph* and other impugners, the superior morality of the Principality—almost over-anxious, for, after admitting some disgusting cases of over-crowding, he adds: "The record of the English counties is worse than the worst in Wales." He has a good word for coffee-taverns, certainly nowhere more needed than in the great Welsh seaports. He points out the anomaly of closing public-houses early while drinking in clubs can go on to any hour; and gently hints at "English injustice to races which were once enemies of Englishmen," as shown in the good old song, "Taffy was a Welshman," &c., and in the epithet "Welsher," which we do not think is aimed at the Cymri. Fond as he is of Wales and Welsh folk, he never forgets America; thus, likening the Marchioness of Bute to "one of our graceful New York or Baltimore girls," he adds, "I know not how more warmly to compliment her ladyship's beauty."

Books about colonial life are common enough; but very few emigrants have so much to tell as the author of "A Chequered Career" (Bentley), and fewer still have the art of telling it in such a lively way. "Christened in the ante-chapel of one of our oldest cathedrals, with two Church dignitaries as sponsors," our author begins at Eton and goes on (very badly under a Jew pedagogue) in Germany. Then, soon shirking London office life, he works on a New Zealand sheep station, sees a good deal of Maori life, which he describes with gusto, and rises to be livery-stable keeper and driver of a hansom at Napier, managing at the same time to keep the *entrée* to the best society—dancing, in fact, at balls to which he had first driven up some of the company. His warning about the card-sharers who live by what they win on the voyage to and fro should be taken to heart, and also his hint that to send a "fast" son where home temptations are multiplied a thousandfold is risky work. His notes on "travelling cads with handles to their names" are, we fear, too true; as are also his unlovely portrait of the average merchant seaman and the tale of his troubles at the London Docks. He is right, too, in saying that garden parties are really only chiefly for dressmakers' benefits, and that the conversation which goes on at them is often less bearable than stable talk. He can speak from experience; for, taking to the stage, he left New Zealand, and was by turns pantaloon at Adelaide, warden of a lunatic asylum, groom to a brewer, coachman to a "swell," &c. We are assured that the narrative is all fact; it is certainly amusing and suggestive.

Sportsmen nowadays are content to go so far afield that Captain Clive Phillips-Wolley may well recommend "Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus" (Bentley), both places being within a week's journey of London. Vice-Consul at Kerch, Captain Wolley saw thoroughly the scenes which he describes. Among Tscherkess, Cossacks, and Georgians he is quite at home. Of the Russian police his experience is like that of other travellers; his story, by the way, of the Odessa lady's silver forks we have surely heard before; but it is something new to learn that the Russian peasant makes a very bad colonist. The wretched poverty of their Caucasian villages, "at utter failure," must, thinks Captain Wolley, be some consolation to the Tscherkess, whom they supplanted, and who "made the land a garden." The scenery is, of course, magnificent; but our author has no illustrations to offer. How his photographs came to grief, how he almost was caught by a bear, dozed all night up a tree watching for a tiger that never came, and how, at the end, he nearly died of diphtheria, the reader must discover for himself. He will find the book full of interest and novelty.

"The Geological Survey of Newfoundland" (Stanford) is a reprint of all the Reports from 1864 to the present year, and will be very useful to those who are looking to Newfoundland as a field for mining enterprise. The advisability of engaging in this pursuit seems doubtful. Gold is mingled with the chlorite that fills up the quartz veins at Brigus on Conception Bay; copper, of the same geological period as the vast deposits on the North American Continent, is found in several places. Of coal, unfortunately, the seams hitherto worked are not thick enough to be of much commercial value. The Director of the Survey, Mr. Alex. Murray, regrets that exaggerated reports of mineral wealth have done harm instead of good. He advises waiting till "indications" of lead, silver, &c., are proved to be certain. Meanwhile, the marble, slate, and serpentine are well worth working. The climate, we are assured, is far better than most people fancy. Mr. Murray has some good hints on the sale of lands; he seriously thinks that under a proper system many a Newfoundland wilderness might be converted into a flourishing settlement. The map (seven miles to the inch) shortly to be issued will form an excellent companion to the work.

It is no discredit to say that Mr. R. Mackenzie's "America: A History" (Nelson) is a compilation. Like his "Nineteenth Century," it is a good compilation, terse, and readable from beginning to end. He is rather hard on the Red men, to whom he says "the settlers behaved as Christian men should. They took no land from them, paying for every acre with scrupulous honesty; anxiously cultivating their friendship, sometimes from fear, often from pity. But nothing could stay their progress towards extinction." Surely the efforts made to this end were, despite John Eliot's preaching, feeble in the extreme; the Indians loved drink; and the settlers supplied them to their hearts' content. Of Burgoyne's surrender Mr. Mackenzie says: "No like humiliation had ever befallen the British army." The least satisfactory part of his book is that which treats of the time between 1786 and 1860, for this period, during which America was growing to be what she now is, is one of which even the well-read Britisher knows very little. There is a good chapter on "How the Americans cared for their Soldiers." The volume includes an interesting sketch of Canadian history, and of the States of South America.

To name the author of "De Quincey" (Macmillan) in the "English Men of Letters" series is to assure those who know Mr. David Masson's other writings that they may expect a rich treat. Nor will they be disappointed. Mr. Masson is in full sympathy with his author (he combats Carlyle's depreciatory epithet "wire-drawn"), and yet he is no blind worshipper—quizzes, for instance, De Quincey's elaborate devices for what he called

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"the evasion of cacophony." We fear De Quincey is not read as he ought to be, popular as is the title of his "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." Were he duly studied, our monthlies would not deserve, for style and thought (or rather the want of it), Mr. Masson's not too severe animadversion. It is notable that De Quincey was wholly a magazine writer; he left no book but a novel in German (which language he learnt at Oxford). The strange confessions about his boy-life on the London streets Mr. Masson believes to be fact. Unhappily there is no doubt about the opium-eating; and the picture of "the confirmed and incurable eccentric, the incarnation of shy nervousness, rambling alone about unknown suburbs, and returning by circuits of roads to his book-blocked room and the laudanum *nugus*," and this at the heyday of his fame, is very sad. The sketch of his mother, "a stately woman, every inch a lady, moving in the best county circles, and with her feet on the Rock of Ages," is delicious. Young De Quincey, though a merchant's son, was full of snobbishness which he by and by unlearnt. He hated Manchester because "you can't stir out of doors without being nosed by a cotton bag or cotton dealer, or something allied to that detestable commerce."

METEOR SWARMS

ON the 13th of November, 1833, a planter of South Carolina was awakened from his slumbers by shrieks of horror and cries for mercy from 600 or 700 negroes. Getting up to see what was the matter, he found all the dark gentlemen prostrate on the ground. The remote cause of their terror was the approaching dissolution of the world; the immediate occasion was a magnificent display of shooting stars. This fiery shower was, perhaps, the most remarkable sight of the kind ever witnessed by man. The meteors were of all sizes, from mere points to balls equal in brilliance to Jupiter, Venus, and even (according to one "credible witness") the moon; and their numbers defied computation. To the ignorant and superstitious the scene was terrible—two persons actually dying of fright; to the initiated it was grand and impressive, and, as it proved, eminently instructive. A new branch of astronomy might be said to date its existence from that night.

Previous to the display of 1833 there were, of course, other displays, similar in kind though less in degree. We have reason to believe that a night does not pass without one or more shooting stars making an appearance if we could only see them. Then there are the well-known November and August showers, and a score of other showers less well-known because less conspicuous. These showers must have been manifest to our forefathers of the "earliest ages"—whenever that may have been—just as they are to us; but our worthy progenitors were satisfied to remain in ignorance regarding their true origin.

Our friends of antiquity, to be sure, make mention of falling stars as they do of almost everything else. Virgil says that they indicate an approaching storm of wind. Plutarch comes nearer the mark, describing them as celestial bodies; and Diogenes of Apollonia expresses a similar opinion. But no useful observations are to be found in the classical records, nor, indeed, in those of the Middle Ages and the earlier modern times. The attention of philosophers was too much occupied in making theories to observe facts.

Among those who witnessed the phenomenon of 1833 in America was Professor Olmsted, of Yale College. This astronomer made a very important discovery on the occasion. He observed, in the first place, that all the meteors diverged from a certain point in the heavens. It is not meant by this that all the meteors originated at one spot in the sky, and thence streamed in every direction towards the horizon. On the contrary, they burst into view at many points, sometimes near the horizon, sometimes near the zenith; but, no matter in what part of the heavens their short courses were marked, straight lines drawn in continuation of those courses in the direction opposite to that of the meteors' motion converged and met at one point. It has since been found that every meteoric shower has its own distinctive spot of divergence. This is called the radiant point of the shower.

Another thing was noticed. The meteors in the vicinity of the radiant point had a very slow motion and described a short path; those farther away moved faster and covered a greater space; while those which originated near the horizon sped with great velocity and disappeared below it. The significance of these two facts is plain to any one who remembers the principle of perspective, that parallel lines carried away from the eye converge to a point, and that bodies moving in such parallel lines towards the eye would appear to diverge from the vanishing point, their velocity appearing the greater the nearer they approached the eye, i.e., the farther they receded from the vanishing point.

But Professor Olmsted observed something more. He observed that this point of divergence, or radiant point, moved with the stars, a fact which indicated that the meteors were beyond the limits of our atmosphere. Bodies situated within the atmosphere partake of the earth's diurnal motion around its axis from west to east, while extra-aerial bodies are left behind, so to speak, and rise in the east and set in the west like the sun and stars. The radiant points of star-showers rise and set, and hence we must place them beyond the influence of the earth's rotation. Putting these three observations together we learn that shooting stars are bodies which approach the earth in parallel lines from the depths of space.

Soon after the attention of astronomers was drawn to the subject of meteors by the display of 1833, it was reported that Humboldt and Bonpland had witnessed a similar spectacle on the morning of November 12th, 1799. It was also discovered that a shower of great intensity had occurred on the 7th of December, 1798, and that another one took place on the 6th of December, 1838, exactly forty years later. Then there was a comparatively small shower observed every year on the night of the 10th of August. Olmsted shrewdly concluded from this periodicity that meteors are related in some way to the revolution of the earth around the sun.

As the result of his researches, Olmsted threw out the suggestion that a meteoric shower might be caused by a comet which "chanced at the time to be pursuing its path along with the earth around their common centre of motion."

Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, afterwards fully confirmed this speculation. He observed that the radiant point of the August meteors was the point in the heavens at which the earth encountered the third comet of 1862, and on calculating the elements of the meteor swarm, he found them to be almost coincident with those of the comet. Subsequent observers have identified the November meteors with Tempel's comet of 1866, and those of 1798, 1838, and 1872 with Biela's periodical comet. A circumstance in connection with this latter meteor swarm is worth mentioning, as it shows how closely comets and meteors are allied.

The comet known as Biela's was discovered by a German astronomer of that name in 1826. Its period was found to be about 6½ years, so it presented frequent opportunities of observation. In 1832 it crossed the earth's orbit a month before the earth reached the spot. On its appearance in 1846 the head split into two, and formed a pair of comets, each with a nucleus, coma, and little tail of its own. In 1866, when looked for as usual, they had both disappeared. They have never been seen since.

On the 27th of November, 1872, the earth crossed the track of the lost comet; and the consequence was that wherever the atmosphere was clear shooting stars were seen by the thousand. In England some forty or fifty thousand fell in six hours. In Italy the spectacle was even more remarkable. When the display was at its height the smaller meteors swarmed so thickly around the radiant

point in Andromeda that they presented the appearance of a cloud of light situated in that northern constellation. This celestial cloud having come out of the north, it occurred to a German astronomer, Herr Klinkerfues of Göttingen, that it ought also to be visible as it passed away to the south; so he telegraphed to Mr. Pogson, at Madras, who commanded a view of the southern skies, asking him to scan that part of the heavens immediately opposite to the feet of Andromeda. Mr. Pogson did so, and found in the exact spot suggested a small faint cloud like a small comet. It was carefully observed; and the result of the observations disclosed the fact that this cloud was moving in the orbit of the vanished comet. The English astronomer announced that he had found the missing object; but he was mistaken, for the nebulous cloud, although travelling in its track, was millions of miles behind the place where Biela's comet should have been.

At first sight it may seem as if meteors are but insignificant members of the planetary system; but although their individual mass is small their numbers fully make up for the deficiency. The meteor-ring with which we are most familiar is that which we encounter on November 13-14. Its length is more than 1,700 millions of miles, its average thickness about a million miles, and its breadth probably three or four millions of miles. When it is remembered that tens of thousands of falling stars are seen during a single passage of the earth through this ring, and that as many more must fall unseen when it happens to be the light or day-half of the globe that encounters it, the vast quantity of the matter in it becomes evident. Then, if a meteor system so richly strewn follow in the track of a small and almost telescopic comet like Tempel's, what must be the size and number of the bodies flying in the wake of such comets as Newton's, Halley's, and Donati's! And further, if each comet is attended by its own train of countless meteors, how inconceivably vast must be the total quantity of meteoric matter in the universe, when it is estimated that about 17,000,000 comets belong to the solar system, and perhaps a million or a billion times that number to the other suns of the universe! Viewed thus, an insignificant falling star acquires no little importance.

It may now be asked, What becomes of all the meteoric matter that is thrown into the atmosphere from the realms of space? Suppose on an average that the earth encounters 100,000 meteors in a year (Mr. Denning observed during the last six months of the years 1876-78 an average of ten per hour in the evenings and nearly seventeen in the mornings), of an average weight of half-a-pound, then a weight of over twenty tons of cosmic matter is thrown into the air in the course of a single year. The larger and more incombustible masses reach the earth as meteoric stones; the smaller bodies are frittered into dust by the friction of the atmosphere. This dust slowly subsides on to the earth, and is what is called "cosmic dust." Of late years this dust has been attracting some attention. Its presence has been detected in the air by exposing plates covered with glycerine to strong winds; it has been found on the ice of the Arctic regions; it has been obtained from snow in open fields in Germany; and it has been discovered on the tops of high mountains and in the basaltic rocks of Ireland. The appointment of a Committee of the British Association to investigate the subject should lead to some important results. In the mean time we only know that the dust actually falls.

J. A. WESTWOOD OLIVER

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

OUR Royal Family have ever been noted for their artistic talent. Painting and etching played a very prominent part in the early domestic amusements of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, while the Princess Royal, the Princess Christian, and the Princess Louise have followed their Royal parents' footsteps with distinction, as their exhibited works have amply testified. The Princess Beatrice has now compiled a handsome "Birthday Book" (Smith and Elder), which is embellished with designs by Her Royal Highness. The work is certainly one of the choicest gift-books of the season, and the designs show an innate taste, and an eye for harmony of colour far above the average. There are fifteen pages of coloured illustrations, twelve of which depict the representative wild flowers of the various months, and one a grouping of the chief field flowers of the whole year. The great danger in a work of this kind is that the designer may fall into one of two extremes, that of gaudiness or that of insipidity. Her Royal Highness has achieved the "happy medium"—the flowers are carefully and characteristically selected, are well drawn, are coloured brilliantly, yet true to Nature, and blend together admirably. Thus, while January is represented by the pale-petaled snowdrop, February exhibits the warmth of returning spring with the yellow crocus, prettily mingled with the tender palm; March blossoms forth into violets and primroses, and April is rosy with thickly-clustered apple-blossoms. In May we have the pink hawthorn—a really charming page; while in June the homely honeysuckle climbs a border of trellis-work. July is bright with the lilies of Midsummer, and August chronicles the harvest with scarlet poppies. September, the sportsman's month, is marked by variegated heather, while "chill October" is rendered brighter than it deserves by the scarlet berries of the mountain ash. Winter is ushered in by the November chrysanthemums; and the holly and mistletoe berries of December fitly bring the year to a close. These illustrations form a species of title-page to each month, every day having a page to itself with a prettily-designed border. The verses selected for each month are as well-chosen as their floral surroundings; such world-famed poets as Longfellow, Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans, Milton, Keble, and Herbert providing the chief excerpts. One novel and welcome feature of the work is an index in which the names of the various signatories may be entered, the necessity for searching through the book for a particular friend's birthday autograph being thus obviated. We should say that the Princess's designs have been well carried out by the printers, Messrs. J. G. Bach, of Leipzig, and that the book is an excellent specimen of colour-printing apart from its other manifold attractions as a veritable *édition de luxe*.

While European Switzerland continues one of the chief happy hunting-grounds of Transatlantic tourists, patriotic Americans do not forget to remind travellers from the Old Country that they can claim a Switzerland of their own—the White Mountains. Although the New England Switzerland is on a small scale, and its highest peak, Mount Washington, is but 6,288 feet high—a pygmy to Alpine giants—still Mr. S. A. Drake, in "The Heart of the White Mountains" (Chatto and Windus), proves that mountaineering there is not all child's play, while Mr. Hamilton Gibson's facile pencil bears ample testimony to the beauties of the district. Familiar with the mountains in their sterner winter aspect as in their summer tourist-haunted condition, Mr. Drake, besides descanting on the glories of the scenery and the pleasures and difficulties of the ascents, agreeably intermingles local legends, being decidedly at his best when not trying to be jocose. Mr. Gibson's drawings are worthy of so fertile a subject, and in their delicacy, clearness, and finished execution fully maintain the high standard which American engravings have lately won in the pictorial world.

The collection of novelettes contributed by Messrs. Shaw provide amusing reading for divers tastes and ages. Thus the historically-inclined will like the Rev. A. Reed's "Edgar Nethorpe, or the Fair Maids of Taunton," as the fact is so neatly overlaid by the fiction as to prove thoroughly palatable. Dealing with the ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth, the author introduces a host of celebrities, and if his Puritan sympathies occasionally bias him too strongly he has nevertheless drawn a stirring picture of an eventful period.

Bygone days also are utilised by the Rev. H. C. Adams in "School-days at Kingscourt," where the ordinary routine of school-life on the southern coast is broken by such excitements as smuggling and preparing for defence in the early years of the present century, when "Bony" was a terror in the land. Four domestic chronicles tell of those large and unruly families who sorely worry their relatives. Elder sisters may take to heart the self-denial of the heroine of "Hilda; or, Seeketh Not Her Own," by Catharine Shaw, a simple story of unaffected religious tone. In the bright tale of an American home circle, "The Light of the Home," by the author of "Aunt Hester," that much-maligned being the stepmother for once gains a full meed of praise for her tact and wisdom, and equally successful is the young aunt of "The Lyons Den," although the "mitherless bairns" whom Yotty Osborn cheerily depicts must have been terribly trying, and are, we fear, too tempting models for mischievous children. The little ones of "Over the Wall," by Ismay Thorn, get into mischief of a milder type, and their doings will please younger readers, who will also follow with much interest the fortunes of "Uncle Fred's Shilling," by Emily Brodie, which would be improved by the story being told continuously, and not interrupted by the description of other matter. Through some mistake the end of the volume is missing. Mrs. Stanley Leathes shows herself well acquainted with the London poor, whom she cleverly sketches in "All Among the Daisies," together with an ingenious chain of circumstances which restore the tiny heroine to her parents. The two next volumes are suited for school libraries. Boys in particular will find much to admire in the character of "Gipsy Mike," whose efforts to rise in the world and noble death are told with considerable pathos. The hero of "Only a Tramp," by Grace Stebbing, meets with a happier lot, his example illustrating how a false start in life may be repaired by industry and piety, and by the assistance of such friends as, unhappily, are somewhat rare in real life. The last authoress also successfully seeks to amuse small people by some graceful fairy stories in "Fun and Fairies."

For the nursery audience, too, are the attractive and plentiful pictures of childish doings in the country, at the seaside, at lessons, and at play, linked together by Olive Patch's simple letter-press in "Happy Little People" (Cassell), and the reprints of short stories of *The Quiver*, "The Giant's Cradle," by S. T. Radcliffe, and "Aunt Lucia's Locket," by Ruth Mitchell (same publisher). The ludicrous experiences of "Three Wise Old Couples" (Cassell), wherein Mrs. E. T. Corbett merrily describes in rhyme the witty cuts by Hopkins, will certainly please old even more than young from their keen sense of humour, while a variation on the now familiar combination of verse and representations of old-fashioned children is furnished by "Eva's Mulberry Tree," by E. L. Seeley (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), which tastefully paints the descendants of the quaint little maid who planted the tree in the time of Edward VI. down to her namesake in the days of George III. And among these artistic children's books we meet again with the charming designs of André, recently reviewed in one combined volume, and now published separately in the series of "Aunt Louisa's Toy Books" as "Old Nursery Rhymes," "The Soldier's Alphabet," and "The Sailor's Alphabet" (Warne).

Just ninety years ago Isaac Disraeli published the first volume of his "Curiosities of Literature," and the famous work has now been added to the "Chandos Classics" (Warne), together with the author's "Amenities of Literature," "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," and "Literary Character of Men of Genius;" an admirable handy edition for the student and small libraries. Further, among Messrs. Warne's reprints are included the Albion Edition of "Byron," which, besides a memoir and copious notes, contain the whole of the poet's works in one volume, printed in very clear type, considering the size; "Moore," forming a tasteful volume, with its red borders and illustrations; Mary Howitt's "Tales of English Life," and "Tales for all Seasons," which have been recently revised by the authoress, and will probably be relished as much by the present as the past generation; that oppressively instructive, but good old friend, Day's "Sandford and Merton," and the evergreen "Fairy Tales" of Hans Andersen. Returning to modern life, Mr. Silas Hocking draws a pleasing feminine character in his tale of village life, "Ivy" (Warne), although the two villains of his plot are somewhat stereotyped.

As boys delight in a little amateur conjuring at Christmas, they will glean some practical hints from Professor Theobald's "Magic" (Warne), which clearly explains and illustrates the simple feats of the conjurer's art. The tricks of the trade in a more serious form are detailed in "Card-Sharpening Detected and Exposed" (Routledge), which Professor Hoffmann has translated from M. Robert Houdin, the book being intended to set the innocent public on their guard against false play. M. Houdin's account of his dealings with the "Grecs" is highly entertaining; but there is some danger of the work falling into the hands of any weak or unscrupulous person who might be tempted to try some of the cheating so deftly explained.

Disagreeable heroines have been affected of late by Mrs. Molesworth, whose "Hoodie" (Routledge) is as unpleasant a little damsel as last year's "Herny." Hoodie's misdeeds are, however, told with that peculiar charm which makes Mrs. Molesworth one of the most taking modern writers for children, and which in the present case dangerously tends to the glorification of naughtiness. A modern edition of Munchausen is "The Major's Big Talk Stories" (Warne), a string of fabulous exploits related with becoming gravity by F. Blake Crofton, and accompanied by humorous illustrations. It will highly amuse the boys, who will find a more sober and credible record of adventure in Mr. G. Manville Fenn's lively "Off to the Wilds" (Sampson Low). Thrilling, indeed, were the experiences enjoyed by the two English lads up-country in South Africa, with their 'cute Zulu followers, and their marvellous skill and coolness as marksmen will certainly be envied by the readers of a very entertaining narrative. M. Jules Verne has adopted the unpleasant fashion of publishing the first part only of an exciting story, by which means the interest has considerably dropped before the appearance of the second volume. His "Giant Raft, or Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon" (Sampson Low), translated by W. J. Gordon, is full of the wonders of South American forests and rivers, which occasionally pall from the excess of detail, although the plot is as cunningly interwoven as ever.

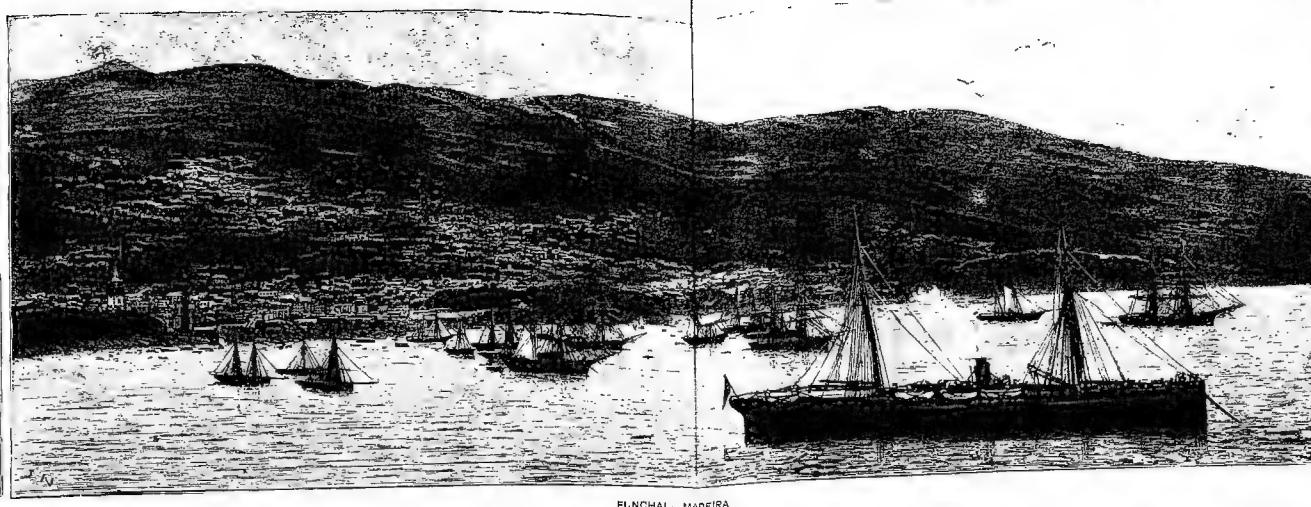
Parents anxious for some bright short form of home service for children on Sundays may well adopt the plan of the Rev. B. Waugh's "Sunday Evenings With My Children" (Ibsister). The brief addresses, lightened by stories, and connected in subject with the accompanying hymn, lesson and few words of prayer, will certainly interest children, and are not so long as to weary them. Well-chosen illustrations accompany a most judiciously-compiled volume. Mrs. G. S. Reaney's plain and valuable advice to young girls, "Our Daughters" (Hodder and Stoughton), has reached a well-deserved second edition.

Encyclopædias are generally somewhat bulky and expensive productions, but "The Little Cyclopædia of Common Things" (Kegan Paul), edited by the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, possesses just the opposite merits. While not professing the completeness of a larger work, this useful volume yet contains the rudiments of such knowledge respecting the natural sciences, arts, and manufactures as young people are likely to require, the information being couched in the plainest language, and in many cases supplemented by cuts. The "Little Cyclopædia" was first brought out in America, but the present edition has been entirely revised for English readers.

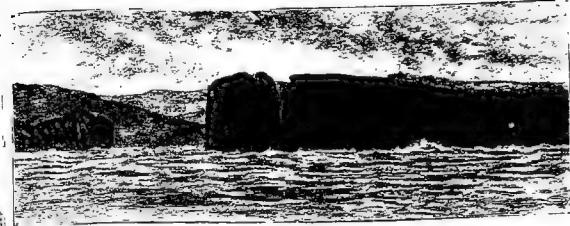
A number of the late President Garfield's most pithy sayings have been gathered together by Mr. A. J. Symington in the second volume of "Talks with the People by Men of Mark—General Garfield," which the Rev. C. Bullock edits (*Home Words* Office);



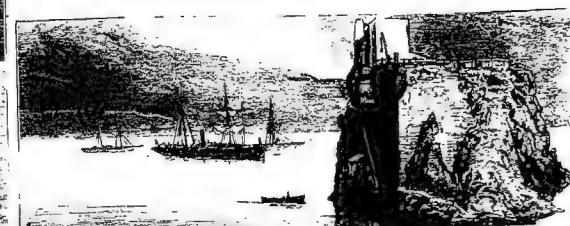
CIMA ISLAND (MADEIRA GROUP), PORTO SANTO



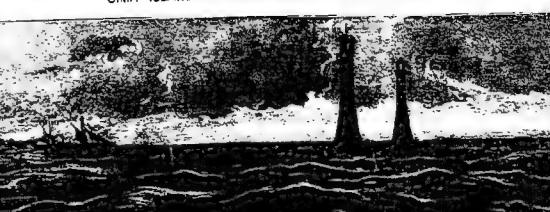
FUNCHAL, MADEIRA



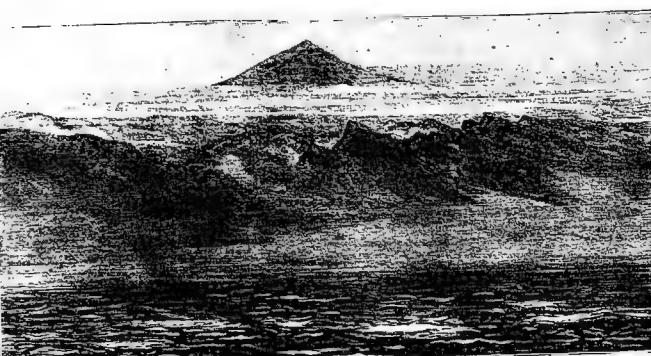
THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL, NEAR ST. JOHN'S RIVER



LOO ROCK, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA



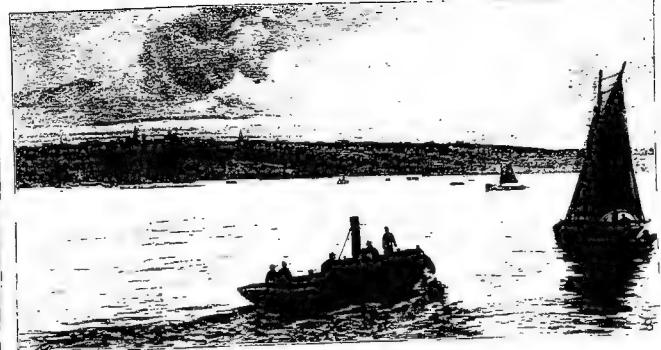
THE OLD AND NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSES



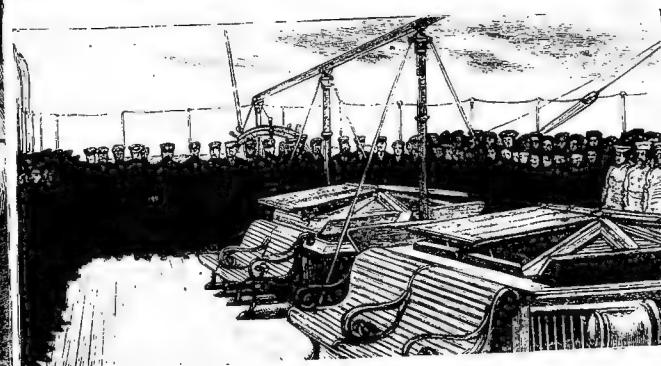
THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE



BENDING THE TOPSAIL

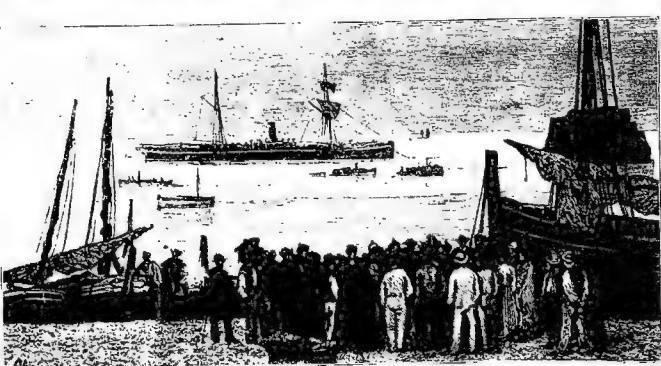


PORT ELIZABETH

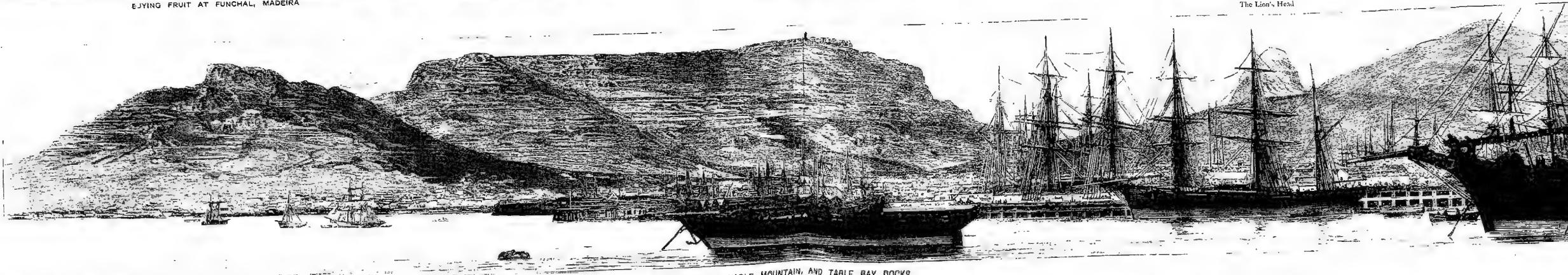


SUNDAY MORNING MUSTER OF THE CREW

The Lion's Head



BUYING FRUIT AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA



CAPE TOWN, TABLE MOUNTAIN, AND TABLE BAY DOCKS

A VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO NATAL IN THE UNION STEAM-SHIP "ARAB"

Mr. G. H. Reid providing the necessary biography.—From the same publisher comes *Home Words* for 1881, whilst the yearly volumes also appear of the *Band of Mercy Advocate*, the *Family Friend*, the *Band of Hope Review*, *The Welcome*, and the *British Workman* (S. W. Partridge), as well as the *Family Herald* (Stevens).

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN*

MANY books have been written about Scandinavia and its peoples, but not one of them can compare with M. du Chaillu's latest work; for in it all the poetical charm and delicate fanciful glamour that pre-eminently belong to the land of the Norse, are combined with a wonderful wealth of historic and descriptive detail that render the book unique. These two bulky but absorbing volumes are the result of a sojourn of five years in Sweden and Norway, during which the author travelled over the country in every possible direction, hardly a fjord being missed, and more than three thousand miles of coast being closely observed. In such an exploration as this a great deal of ground quite familiar to every tourist was naturally traversed, but so great is the author's charm of style, so keen his observation, that the reader in perusing matter which embraces not a little that he has met with before, is never dull or bored, any more than in those bright and interesting chapters dealing with the barely known districts of the interior into which the ordinary visitor very rarely penetrates.

But if M. du Chaillu's observation is keen his sympathy is deep. He was at pains to learn the language of the people whom he visited; and to such an extent did he gain their affection and confidence that he became to all intents and purposes one of themselves. He entered into their social life with something of the hearty simplicity so characteristic of the people themselves; he associated with all classes, though chiefly with the *Bönder*, whose manners and customs are described in a remarkably telling and picturesque way. The *Bonde*, or peasant farmer of Sweden and Norway, is apparently little, if at all, changed since the ancient days of the Olafs and the Haralds, his democratic pride and independence being quite as sturdy as of old. This is particularly noticeable in Norway, where laws can be passed, if voted by three successive Parliaments, over the King's veto, and but little harmony seems to exist between the *Bonde* and the *Herre*, or gentleman. The farmer, however, always treats his "house-carls" as equals; if he made his hired servants sleep away from his family they would most probably desert him in a body. But if the people are independent, they are even more honest and hospitable, and simple almost to a fault. At the hotels each morning the bill for the preceding day is presented at breakfast, not for settlement, but to prevent inadvertent overcharge, and a host will toil over miles of moor and mountain to restore a purse left behind by his guest. Only when that objectionable product of travelling civilisation, the ordinary tourist, has made his appearance, are the meander vices that invariably follow him to be found. At Trondhjem, for instance, the traveller must expect to be coolly fleeced, as at any other resort of tourists; and at Gudvangen, such little matters as rug straps should be carefully looked after. But with such trifling exceptions as these the people may be said to set an example of honesty to the whole world. Indeed, after reading these pages amidst all the affectations of London life and surroundings, one almost doubts the existence of a land so primitive in its thoroughness, so Arcadian in its simple grace. One is charmed with the feeling that makes the farm horses and cattle rather favoured, well-loved pets, than mere beasts of burden, and that at Christmas provides corn for the birds—"he must be poor, indeed, who cannot at Christmas time find a farthing for the birds." More noteworthy still is the generous treatment of the paupers, who are boarded out at the various farm-houses in turn, and who are better dressed and better attended generally than the farmer's own servants even. But the literal simplicity of the native mind must be cautiously dealt with: the playful gift of a ring, with other presents, to a Norse girl, resulted in friendly inquiries from the father as to our author's intentions; and, a joking proposal to another maiden to accompany him to America quickly ended in her appearance with her little all done up in a bundle ready for immediate departure for the Far West!

In spite of the author's innumerable crossings and recrossings of the country, there is far less repetition than might be supposed; even when he covers old ground his narrative is always fresh, always interesting. There are two journeys, for instance, from Haparanda to the North Cape; first in summer, upon rivers, and amidst the swirling of rapids and rushing thunder of cataracts; secondly, in the depth of winter, in snow-shoes, or upon sledges drawn by wild sure-footed reindeer through mournful snow-clad forests, over frozen roads, and down rocky slopes so steep that the snow scarcely lies upon them. These journeys to the little-known Lapland form a very interesting portion of the book. With the Laplanders themselves M. du Chaillu's associations were equally as warm and fortunate as with the hospitable natives of Sweden and Norway, and the quaint, little-understood Northerner has quite a fresh face for us in these pages. The Lapp has often been regarded by his neighbours with suspicion, and Swedish friends thought our author's proceedings somewhat rash. There was, however, not the least danger, he and the Lapps becoming fast friends. Amongst other interesting facts about these people, which seem to show they are a higher race than is generally supposed, he notes that they occasionally send emigrants to America; one girl mentioning casually a sister in Chicago, whom he subsequently looked up in her Western home out of curiosity.

But if the scenes of travel and descriptions of social life are delightful—if the mind lingers over the visions of fertile picturesqueness, of blossoming pastures, and woods bright with northern sunshine, and musical with song of birds—there is also plenty of material of roluster kind, and perhaps more tangible usefulness. Scandinavian antiquities, for instance, occupy a goodly share of space—indeed the memorials of prehistoric warriors, Vadstena monumental records, farm-houses more ancient even than the oldest

of the Roman Empire, and our own early Saxon kings, the weapons of the Vikings, and their cups and ships and treasures, with old houses dating from the eleventh century, all afford matter for singularly full and interesting description.

The illustrations are not only very numerous, but (rare trait) thoroughly elucidate the text, and greatly enhance the value of the book. We had selected several for reproduction in our own pages, but we are sorry to say we cannot carry out our intention, because the cuts are so finely engraved that it would be impossible, under



SILVER-MOUNTED PITCHER

the conditions of speed necessitated by a weekly paper, to do anything like justice to them in the printing. They would, indeed, be spoilt. We, however, give two of the more broadly-executed blocks, representing ancient drinking vessels. The proverbial horns, now so rarely seen, even in museums, and very difficult to drink out of, were succeeded by the wooden tankards, which are hooped like small kegs, beautifully carved, and are many of them four or five hundred years old. Another and extremely rare form of hooped wooden vessel is shaped something like a modern coffee-pot, and lined with silver hoops. These two vessels are the most curious specimens our author obtained.



But in its many merits and in its few defects, "The Old Factory," by William Westall (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), closely resembles the same author's lively and entertaining novel called "Larry Lohengrin." The story is still rather a matter of unconnected scraps and patches, but each individual patch is of good material. Nothing that happens has any particular reason for happening, but each incident is, for its own sake, worth narrating. The best are those which deal with the cotton world of Lancashire in the now ancient times when machine riots were one of its features, and there is an account of the dispersion of a dangerous mob, principally by means of cold water, which is told with an unusual amount of life and vigour. As to the plot, or, to speak more accurately in this case, the conventional complication into which it is necessary for a novelist to bring his characters, it is of the old-fashioned sort, which passes through certain phases of strong sentiment and mystery in order to wind up with a surprise improbable enough to pass for startling. The effect is not bad from an old-fashioned point of view, and may even have a welcome freshness for readers who are getting tired of the more artificial processes of modern fiction. Exception, however, may be taken to the ruling of the judge in "Blackthorne v. Blackthorne." On the whole, "The Old Factory" may be decidedly recommended as both interesting and amusing, even when it is least satisfactory in the matter of construction.

"John Barlow's Ward," an anonymous novel in two volumes (Smith, Elder and Co.), is a really very interesting, graceful, and touching story of miscomprehension on the part of married lovers. Generally speaking, these misunderstandings are of a kind impossible between grown-up people who are even slightly sane, but here there is only too much reason for a situation which threatens at one time to prove a tragedy. The lady who plays the part of mischief-maker, and who means to make nothing worse than mischief, plays her cards so well that her escape without punishment, though natural enough, is a little disappointing. Simplicity of plot and style is the principal and most welcome feature of the novel. Though the general tone and level scarcely admit of much variety, still monotony is avoided, and at least one scene, where the jealousy of Hester's husband is disarmed and conquered by the mere truthfulness of his supposed rival, has some dramatic power. Hester herself is an attractive heroine, in spite of her angelic freedom from faults and flaws. There is some triumph in making faultlessness charming. Without taking very high literary position, "John Barlow's Ward" is fully entitled to the rank of a good novel.

"The Black Speck," by F. W. Robinson (1 vol.: R. Willoughby), is described as a "Temperance Tale," and originally appeared in the *British Work-Woman*. How far drunkenness is to be hopefully fought by fiction is of course an open question, and it is an unfortunate feature of literature of this class that merit in execution seems to be always in inverse proportion to excellence of intention. The author of "Grandmother's Money" has, however, succeeded in introducing some powerful scenes, notably in the situation where the old and irreclaimable drunkard passionately implores his son, hitherto a pattern of sobriety, not to give way to a first desperate temptation to what has been his own curse and ruin. This rises into pathos, and would take a good place in a work of higher pretensions. The moral of "The Black Speck" is to show how drink is not only a curse to the drunkard himself but to all that belong to him, for Mr. Robinson, avoiding the commonplace contrasts, makes his sober hero about the most unfortunate of all his characters. At any rate the tale is a good specimen of its kind, and will certainly win the cordial sympathies of all who have no need of its teaching.

"Strange Clues" is a collection of no fewer than thirty separate detective stories, by James McGowan, in a half-crown edition (The Edinburgh Publishing Company). The taste for tales of the police will be harmlessly if not very profitably gratified by a perusal of these adventures, of which some are fairly interesting, while others, as was only to be expected, are very decidedly otherwise. How far the author has drawn upon fact there is no internal evidence to show. In any case he deserves all the credit due to a fresh exercise of ingenuity in the most hackneyed of all the fields of fiction.



WOODEN TANKARD

Gothic stone buildings extant, and historic castles, are dealt with in an exceptionally exhaustive manner. Buried coins, from the mints

* "The Land of the Midnight Sun," by Paul B. du Chaillu. In 2 vols., with Map and 235 Illustrations (London: John Murray).

THE DETROIT RIVER MARINE REPORTER

It would be difficult to find an employment which requires more nerve, experience, and physical endurance than that of marine reporter. At Detroit, where all the through shipping of the lakes passes, this position is one of great importance and continual danger. The marine reporter is provided with a small light skiff, built in the strongest possible manner, to the bow of which is securely fastened a strong painter. The boat is provided with a rudder, the strings for operating which pass through rings, and are led along the rail of the boat, so that they are always within the reach of the occupant. The duty from which the marine reporter derives his title is that of recording the names of all passing craft. These, with the hour and direction, are telegraphed to all the daily papers along the lakes, from Buffalo to Chicago. His other duties are manifold.

Late in the fall a schooner leaves Marquette, Lake Superior, with a cargo of iron ore, bound for Cleveland. Possibly she is scarcely out of sight when it becomes expedient for the owners of the ore to have it landed at Ashtabula. A telegram is at once sent to the marine reporter, which reads, "Schooner Columbian left to-day for Cleveland; tell captain to go to Ashtabula." The message is received probably four days before the schooner is due down, and before she arrives probably a dozen letters are in the reporter's waterproof box awaiting her arrival. The wives, mothers, and sweethearts of the sailors, knowing on what boat their friend is employed, write to him, naming his boat, and marking the letter "Care of marine reporter."

When the schooner arrives near the lower end of Lake Huron she is taken in tow by a large and powerful tug which will take her to Lake Erie. As the schooner's lights are sighted by the watchful reporter, probably about midnight, with the mercury below zero, and a driving snow-storm lashing the river, which is one mile wide at Detroit, into a fury of white-crested waves, the young man, clad in oilcloth, descends from the pier to his little skiff, and, after carefully examining his painter, oars, and rudder, to see that they are all right, rows briskly out and is soon lost in the darkness. The watcher on shore listening hears for a time nothing but the lashing of the waves under the pier and the whistling of the wind.

Suddenly the voice of the reporter is heard through the storm, "Tug ahoy!" and the loud voice of the captain replies, "Halloo, "What tug is that?"—"The Gladiator," "What vessels have you in tow?"—"The Columbian, Unadilla, Canton, and Harry Bessell." The motion of his boat will not allow the reporter to record these names anywhere but in his memory, which seldom fails him. His dialogue with the tug captain, however, is not yet finished. The captain calls out through the darkness, "Reporter, ahoy!"—"Halloo." "The schooner Cossack is hard aground at South-East Bend. The captain wants the tug Winslow to release him."—"All right." There is now a short lull, after which the reporter's voice is heard again, "Schooner, ahoy!"—"Halloo." "Take my line, please." The reporter now rows almost directly in front of the approaching schooner, which looms up grandly in the darkness, with the spray dashing from her bows. The painter is dexterously thrown on board the schooner, where it is caught and twisted round a timberhead. Then the boat comes alongside the schooner with a jerk that nearly raises her out of the water. All messages, &c., to be sent ashore are placed in a small pail, covered with a tight lid, and lowered over the side of the schooner to the reporter who sits in the stern of his boat while the bow is several feet out of the water. The messages are taken out and those for the schooner put in their place, the pail is hauled up, and the reporter's line cast off.

Wishing the captain "A Happy New Year," the reporter glides to the stern, hauling in his line, so as to repeat the operation on the next schooner in the tow, and so on, until all have been gladdened by his presence. The reporter then rows back to his wharf, delivers the messages entrusted to him, and is ready for the next passing vessel. Sometimes as many as a dozen vessels are haled before the reporter gets a chance to return, and his box often contains fifty or sixty letters from those on board to be mailed to friends on shore. In the summer season the duties are not so arduous, as the weather is usually good, the nights clear, and everything conspires to make the reporter's life a happy one. Two men, one for the day and another for night, are always employed.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

There is, perhaps, no more striking or pathetic historical incident during the Renaissance period than that which gives rise to the play of "Savonarola: a Tragedy," by Alfred Austin (Macmillan), and we may add that it is here treated in a manner worthy the subject. It may be well first to commend the prose introduction for its masterly analysis of the great Reformer's character,—though we must own to a feeling that the author is inclined to enforce his awful parallel a little too strongly. How strange that the timorous action of the Florentine Signory should have had the real effect of converting the martyr's gibbet into the oldest form of the cross! The play is avowedly written for the stage, and we must all thank Mr. Austin for his wise words on the subject of so-called closet-dramas, and his protest against the morbid subjectivity of some modern verse; but it may be doubted whether "Savonarola" could well be acted in a country where Sacred Drama has no stand-point—for, however fine, it is essentially a religious tragedy, as it could not have failed to be. There can be no hesitation in pronouncing it a fine work,—with two faults; one is that it lacks that element of humour which is essential to a successful stage play, the other that there is an occasional tendency to contorted lines and prosaic turns of expression which jar on the ear. For instance, we do not like "Need none is there to say" when the natural construction, "There is no need to say," would have been so much better; and it is not pleasant to hear Savonarola, in one of his most impassioned speeches, say

The robe I want

Is the red robe of martyrdom alone.

But it is a noble work, and has many passages of true poetry, sometimes epigrammatic, as when Lorenzo de Medici says to his son,

Be not austere:

Outward austerity, as oft as not,

Is but the friar's serge 'neath which there lurks

More taste for sack than sackcloth.

Very good too are Candida's lines beginning "Stars are the eyes of night." There are some strong dramatic situations, amongst which the finale is, strange to say, one of the weakest. But Lorenzo's death, at the end of the first act, is fine, so is Candida's casting off of her lover, Tornabuoni, and the death of the lovers is admirable. On the whole, we may congratulate the author on a manly poem, and an equally manly attempt to regenerate our modern stage. But who, out of Ober Ammergau, could fittingly play the chief part?

"A Trip to the Brocken," by Heinrich Heine, has been very fairly translated by R. M'Lintock (Macmillan). The piece in itself is charming, and the spirit of the original is well given, whilst the lyrics are agreeably rendered. The translator seems to credit his readers with much ignorance, since he thinks it needful to instruct them (rather doubtfully) as to the pronunciation of "Ilse," and is under the impression that Ossian is now an unknown poet. Whatever we may think of Macpherson's rendering of the original—not so radically bad after all, considering his period—surely some of us can chant the old Gaelic verses still. Heine's yearning towards Catholicism, as shown in one passage, is most pathetic, if his history be considered; and his ghost story is good. The book has been well done.

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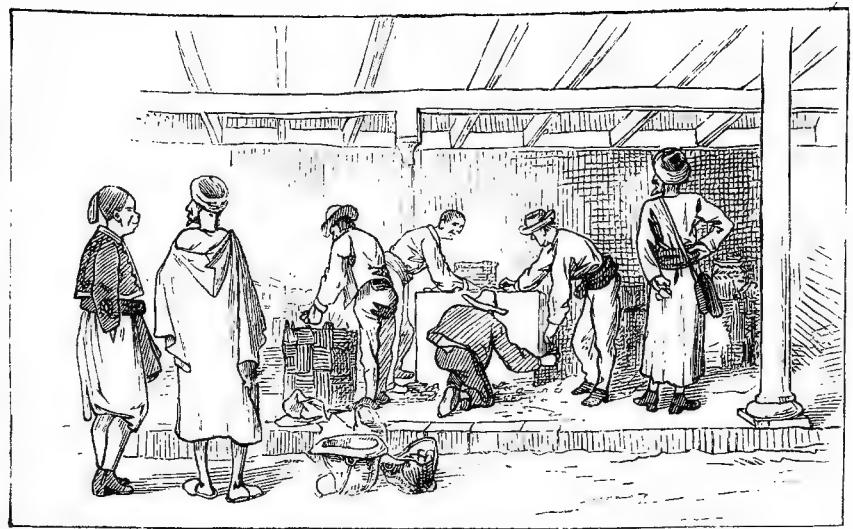
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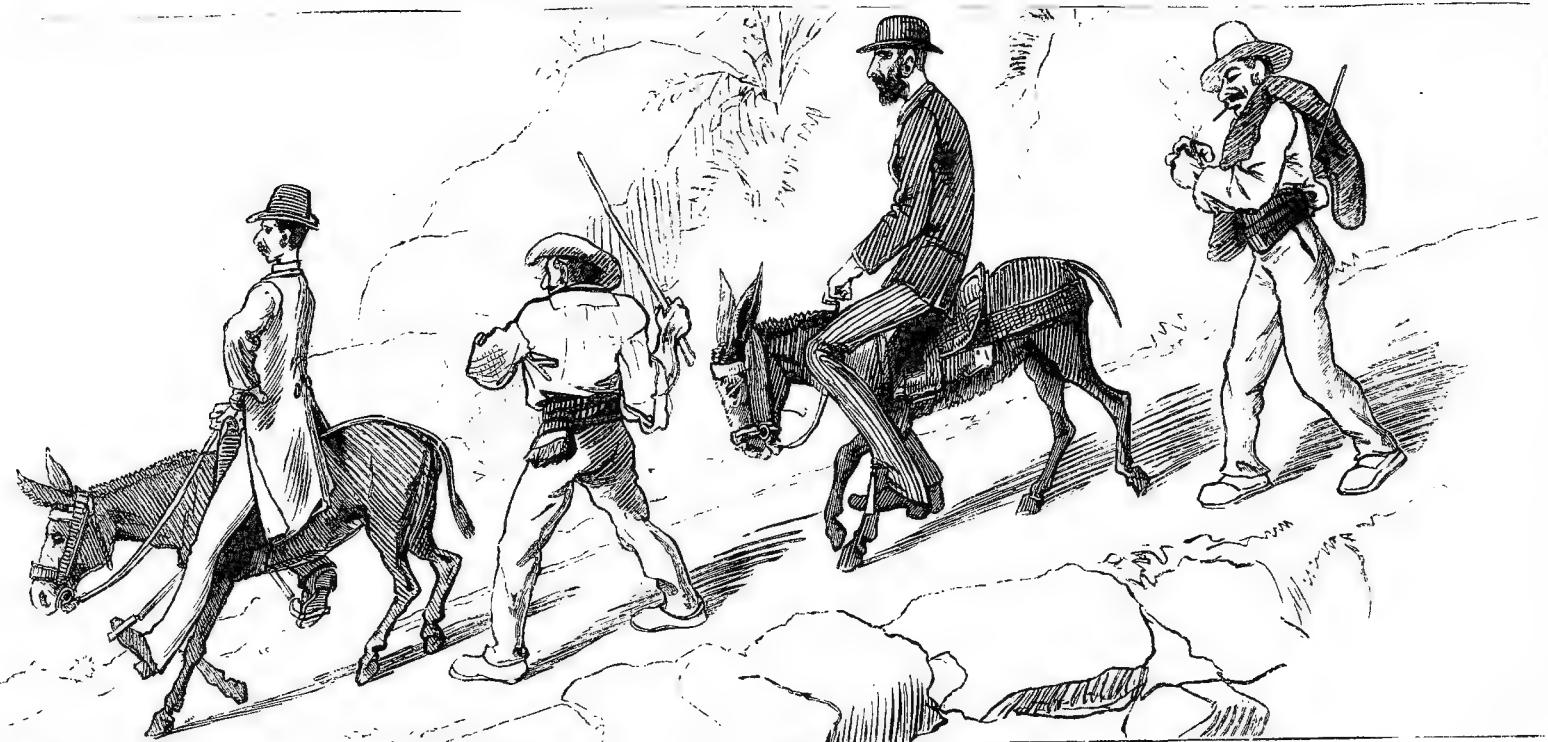
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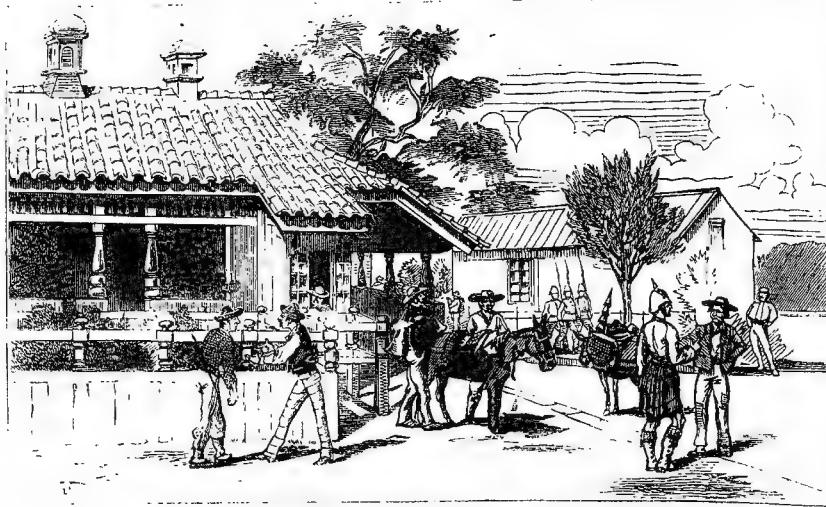
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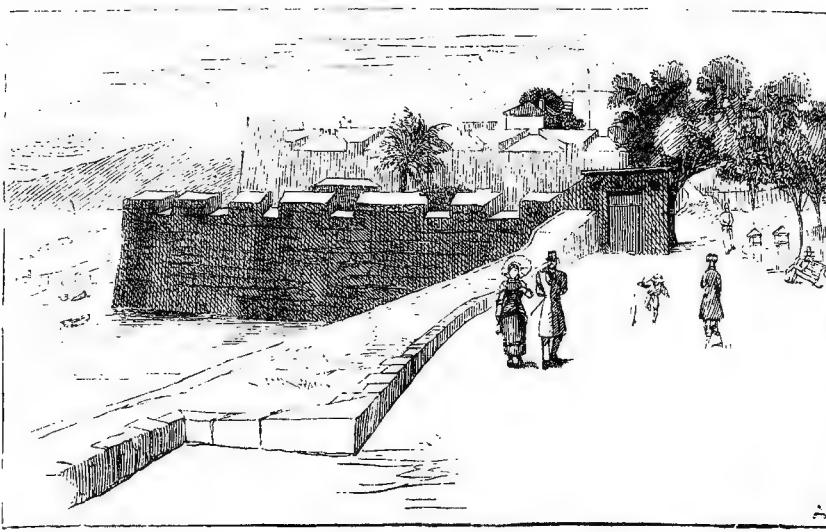
DESCENDING THE ROCK



THE MAIN GUARD



A CALESA



TOWN END OF THE ALAMEDA

IN THE GALLERIES—VOICE FROM THE DARKNESS :
"THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS THE MAGAZINE"



FRANCE.—There has been a complete political lull during the past week. M. Gambetta's Ministers have been quietly shaking down into their places and holding their receptions. Nothing noteworthy has occurred with regard to these, save that M. Proust, the Minister of Fine Art, on receiving the members of the Théâtre Français, declared his intention to oppose the unfairness which renders them ineligible for that distinction so coveted by all Frenchmen, the Legion of Honour, the ostensible reason for withholding it being that the sacred decoration might possibly incur the indignity of being hissed. M. Paul Bert's reception had been looked forward to with some curiosity, but the new Minister of Public Worship carefully avoided any allusion to religious topics, and confined himself to the educational side of his portfolio. M. Bert's appointment is generally looked upon, even by M. Gambetta's friends, as a mistake, and it is now said that in restoring the department of Public Worship to that of instruction M. Gambetta simply wished to compensate for its severance from Fine Arts, and had not calculated upon the outcry. M. Bert's antecedents would excite on his becoming Minister of Religion. On Wednesday M. Gambetta held a diplomatic reception.

There is little to be added to the comments we quoted last week on the Ministry, to which all parties appear willing to accord a fair trial. As M. Gambetta commands the great Centre majority of the Chamber, the Opposition is practically formed of the Ultramontanes and Monarchists and the Extreme Radicals—that section led by M. Clemenceau. There is considerable speculation respecting the Foreign policy of the new Cabinet, and the diplomatic changes are being watched with no little anxiety, as all moderate minds wish to avoid any chance of outside complication just at present. M. Gambetta, however, fortunately seems to be of the same mind. He has declined to discuss the recent French policy in Tunis with the Chamber Committee on the ground that "the pacification of the country was the first thing to be considered," but at the same time he declared that the late Government's mode of meeting the expenditure was legally unassailable. To come to a question which more nearly concerns us Britshers, there is no doubt that Free Trade principles will not be unheeded by the new Cabinet, and that when the negotiations are resumed for the Commercial Treaty, Sir Charles Dilke will find M. Rouvier far more amenable to the British arguments than his predecessor. As might be expected, the new Ministry is not regarded with unmixed favour by the Senate—that body which their leader stands pledged to reform; and on Saturday it showed its displeasure by declining to elect M. Hérod, the Prefect of the Seine, a life member, choosing rather M. de Voisins Lavrière, of the Clerical Left. M. Hérod's defeat is probably due to his arbitrary conduct in forcibly taking down all the crucifixes from the schools—an act of lay fanaticism which aroused considerable remonstrance at the time.

In Paris the Electrical Exhibition has closed its doors, the net profits having been 16,000,000 francs; and there has been a new comedy by M. Sardou at the Vaudeville. It is entitled *Odette*, and deals with another phase of that so-called paradox which has so long formed M. Sardou's favourite theme—divorce. In *Odette* another plea for the law of divorce is put forward by a daughter being made to suffer for the misdeeds of the mother from whom her father can only obtain a legal separation.—Considerable surprise has been caused by M. Gambetta's sudden dismissal of the Governor of the Bank of France, M. de Normandie, who has been replaced by M. Magnin—a staunch Republican, formerly Minister of Finance.—There is a sharp battle going on over the vacant *fauteuils* in the Académie—those left vacant by the deaths of MM. Littré, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Dufaure. For the first and last the most likely candidates are M. Pasteur and Mgr. Perraud, the Bishop of Autun, while for M. Hauranne's seat there is a free fight between MM. Sully, Prudhomme, Eugène Manuel, François Coppée, Auguste Maquet, and Henri de Bornier—the last of whom is thought to have the best chance.—The director of Public Works in Paris is anxious to obtain a loan of 12,000,000 francs for Municipal Improvements. There are 30,000 houses at present without a water supply, and 250 miles of streets where the inhabitants have no means of getting rid of their sewage. What would a London Health Board say to this?

In TUNIS the column marching southwards under General Saussier occupied Gafsa on Sunday without apparently encountering any serious opposition, although some desultory fighting has occurred in which the Arabs were defeated. The Bey has given another proof of the overwhelming French influence by appointing M. Joseph Allegro, a Frenchman and a personal friend of M. Roustan, Governor of the Southern district of Tunis. The army of occupation, when M. Gambetta's "pacification" has been achieved, is to number 20,000 men, who will be distributed in fifteen towns. At Kairwan isolated bands of Arabs continue to make their submission, pardon being accorded by the French authorities at the price of forty francs and the surrender of one gun per man. Ali Bey's army is to be virtually disbanded, as the troops at Zaghouan are becoming so hopelessly unruly that they are worse than useless, so General Lambert has been appointed Tunisian commander-in-chief, and is going to try his hand at organising a force of 5,000 men. Another significant measure is that on December 1 the Tunisian police will be superseded by French gendarmes. The Archbishop of Algiers is about to make a pastoral visit to Tunis now that "order and peace exist in every part of the Regency inhabited by Europeans, and there is nothing to impede the exercise of his pacific ministry."

GERMANY.—The Emperor's message, which Prince Bismarck read at the opening of the Reichstag, plainly evidences that the adverse results of the election have not altered the Chancellor's determination to leave no stone unturned to carry his pet measures in the teeth of the wish of the country at large. All the obnoxious Bills—the Tobacco Monopoly, the Prolongation of the Legislative and Budget periods, the Workmen's Accident Insurance Bill, now supplemented by a Mutual Benefit scheme, are once more brought forward with the remark that "social evils are not to be remedied by repression alone, but rather by the concurrent and positive promotion of the welfare of the working-classes." The Emperor, the Deputies are told, "will look back upon all successes with the greater satisfaction if he can bequeath to the Fatherland new and lasting guarantees for the continuance of peace at home, and to the necessitous a more secure and generous measure of that assistance to which they have a claim. People whom age or infirmity has rendered incapable of earning their living are entitled to a greater degree of State provision than they at present enjoy. The economic policy and the reform in the system of taxation, which have hitherto been pursued, will be strictly adhered to." This practical endorsement of Prince Bismarck's views by the Emperor has been vigorously condemned by the Liberal organs, but it is a noteworthy sign that in the contest for the election of the President and Vice-Presidents of the House the Liberals were beaten by the Clerico-Conservative majority, by whose aid it is now asserted that Prince Bismarck intends to govern.

The Emperor has been very unwell, and is confined to his palace. On Tuesday he was so indisposed as not to be able to receive Prince Bismarck.—The Federal Council has decided to prolong the minor state of siege in Berlin and Hamburg for another year.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—"Turkey and Her Creditors" remains the heading of nine-tenths of the telegrams from Eastern Europe. The negotiations of the Porte with the Financial Commission which is trying to secure some permanent income for the unfortunate bondholders and with the Russian Indemnity Commission are proceeding, and there seems at present a fair prospect of some definite arrangement being agreed upon by all parties on the basis we mentioned some time since. The Porte is making an attempt to deprive all Consuls in Turkey of the semi-diplomatic authority which they now exercise, and to confine their functions solely to commercial matters.

A very pitiful story comes from CONSTANTINOPLE of fourteen English children who have been discovered in a state of practical slavery, their task-masters being an Arab troupe which has recently been performing in London. They had been sold in London by their parents under the plea of apprenticeship, and were visited by Mr. R. M. Littler, who described them as being in a terrible state of misery, wretchedly clothed, half-starved, and badly beaten. Earl Granville instructed Mr. Fawcett, our Consul-General, to recover the children and send them to England, and the poor little wretches have accordingly been handed over to the British authorities.

In EGYPT all is tranquil, and Cherif Pasha has contradicted the reports of his resignation. If rumour is to be believed, however, he is no favourite of the Khedive, and numerous plots to secure his downfall and that of his Autonomist colleagues are being hatched by his opponents, the Pan-Slavistic party.

ITALY.—Rome has been fitting the King and Queen on their return from their travels. Last week there was an imposing demonstration before the Quirinal, and on Sunday the Queen's thirty-first birthday was celebrated with great official and popular festivities. Of course there was a counter Republican demonstration—red-edge placards being posted on the walls bearing the inscriptions, "Long Live the Republic," "Down with the Monarchy," "Down with the Austrian Colonel."—The authorities are taking great pains to make the forthcoming International Fine Art Exhibition of 1882-3 a success. A circular has been issued asking British artists to contribute, and the Minister of Public Instruction has promised his co-operation. A Bill will be presented to Parliament for a grant in aid of the undertaking, to which will probably be joined a Fine Art Congress.

A pretty controversy is going on between the Vatican and the Liberal papers respecting what the *Voce della Verità* calls the "English Legation to the Holy See." The Papal organ points out the difficulty the Protestant Powers experience in maintaining diplomatic relations with the Holy See, owing to the latter having been stripped of its temporal rule, and complains of the "new obstacles" now being thrown in the way of Protestant Governments conducting these relations. *Per contra* the *Opinione* denies that the Liberal party oppose any such maintenance of diplomatic relations, and accuse the *Voce* of being over-hasty in giving its article the title quoted, "for the legation does not seem likely to be so soon re-established."

A singular incident occurred in the Chamber on Monday. As the Prime Minister was crossing the House a loaded six-barrelled revolver was thrown at his feet. The guard at once arrested the culprit, who denied any intention of shooting the Minister, but only desired "to assault and insult him." The prisoner is named Benjamin Maccaluso, and was prompted to the act by the refusal of an audience in which he hoped to have obtained the redress of a private grievance.

AUSTRIA.—Count Kalnoky, the Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been appointed the new Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Imperial Household. Count Kalnoky is a Foreign Office official of twenty-seven years' standing, and has shown himself on several occasions to be a man of considerable tact and culture. His services have long attracted the attention of the Emperor, and his appointment has excited no surprise, as for some time past his name has been prominently put forward as the best man for the post, being essentially popular with foreign Courts, and being, politically speaking, the "happy medium" between Liberal Count Andrassy and Conservative Baron Hubner.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The Ameer has not yet left Candahar for Herat, and the *Times* correspondent states that he is probably awaiting the reception of a further supply of ammunition from the British Government before he starts. At Herat all is quiet, and the general feeling is stated to be in favour of the Ameer. A significant sign of returning times of tranquillity is that trade is beginning to flow from Herat southwards.

The Viceroy is continuing his tour, and is meeting everywhere with an enthusiastic reception, which, indeed, his indefatigable exertions fully deserve. Last week he visited Agra, Jeypore, and Ajmere, and on Tuesday arrived at Chitor, being received by the Maharajah of Oodeypore.—A cyclone burst over Madras on the 12th inst., and seriously damaged the new harbour works.—A most virulent malarious fever is ravaging Lower Bengal, which is mainly attributed to the obstruction of the natural drainage of the country by the road and railway embankments. The Lieutenant-Governor has accordingly made a grant of 50,000 rupees for constructing culverts, and improving the drainage of the districts affected.

UNITED STATES.—Guiteau's trial is the all-absorbing topic, the Court being daily filled and surrounded with an immense crowd. On Saturday, as the prison van left the Court House, a young man rode after it, tried to look in to ascertain the position of the prisoner, and then fired into the van, exclaiming, "I have killed the villain!" He then rode rapidly off, the guard firing after him without any effect. Guiteau was highly excited, the bullet having grazed his wrist, and exclaimed on his arrival at the gaol, "Notify the authorities to arrest the scoundrel, and have him dealt with as he deserves." A man named Jones has been arrested, but the driver of the van and the escort fail to identify him. Guiteau was greatly unnerved by the occurrence, and on Monday showed considerable alarm as he passed from the van to the Court House. He has behaved himself in the most extraordinary manner throughout the trial, contradicting his counsel, arguing with the judge, and making the most irreverent remarks about his "representing the Deity." The evidence of the actual shooting was not disputed, and the chief interest centred in the evidence of Drs. Woodward and Lamb, who testified to the wound being mortal. The vertebrae of the murdered President were brought into Court to show the fractures caused by the bullet. Both Mr. Scoville and Guiteau examined the bones closely, the former turning them over from side to side, the latter showing no feeling save that of casual curiosity. Mr. Robinson, Guiteau's second counsel, resigned on Monday owing to a difference with his colleague, Mr. Scoville. The prosecution concluded its case on Monday, when Guiteau declining to speak himself, Mr. Scoville began an elaborate speech for the defence on the ground that the prisoner was insane. Guiteau meantime keeping up a commentary of contradictory and jocose remarks. On Wednesday various witnesses were called to testify to Guiteau's insanity, one witness stating that after he had delivered a lecture the audience formed an impromptu committee of fifty, and pronounced the lecturer to be crazy.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Earthquakes have been troubling Central and Southern Europe this week; but, though the shocks have in some instances been severe, no serious damage is reported.—In SPAIN the Chamber has passed the Bill authorising the proposed railway through the Pyrenees, the cost of which will be borne equally by France and Spain.—In NEW ZEALAND the Maori prophet, Te Whiti, has been committed for trial for using seditious

language. The native tribes, however, display a stubborn attitude, and 124 arrests have been made.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the revenue for the coming year is estimated at 6,240,000/., and the expenditure at 5,960,000/.. The receipts for the current year are 908,000/., in excess of the estimate, and 1,440,000/.. over last year. In SOUTH AMERICA the Peruvian President has been arrested and imprisoned by the Chilean General Lynch.—In SOUTH AFRICA great discontent is expressed by the people of Natal at the appointment of a Lieutenant-Governor, as they considered that an experienced full Governor should have been appointed at so critical a time as the present.



THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice have returned to the South for the winter. Before leaving Scotland Her Majesty and the Princess drove to the Glassalt Shiel, and on Sunday morning attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. They left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, stopping for dinner at Perth and for tea at Carlisle, and reaching Windsor Castle in time for breakfast on Wednesday morning. A violent storm of wind and rain was raging when the Royal party left Balmoral, and the journey as far as Perth was most tempestuous. The Queen will hold a Council at the Castle next Tuesday, and will remain at Windsor until after the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, going subsequently to Osborne for Christmas.—Her Majesty will present a stained glass window to the Westminster Chapter House in memory of Dean Stanley, who originated the scheme of an appropriate series of windows in the restored building.

The Prince of Wales has spent this week with the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey. He concluded his visit to Lord Rendlesham at the end of last week—the sport having been excellent, and some 3,000 head of game being bagged,—and stayed in town from Saturday to Monday, when he left for Nottinghamshire. The Prince was received at Worksop Station by the Duke, an escort of the Sherwood Rangers, Volunteers, and the Portland tenantry, and drove to the Abbey, where the Duke's mother, Lady Bolsover, did the honours. On Tuesday the Prince went out pheasant-shooting, Wednesday was spent in inspecting the Abbey and its treasures, Thursday would be devoted to further shooting, and yesterday (Friday), the Prince was to drive through Sherwood Forest to lunch with Lord Edward Clinton at Clumber House. He leaves Welbeck Abbey to-day (Saturday).—The Prince will be present at the meeting at the Westminster Chapter House on December 12th to discuss the plan of a memorial to Dean Stanley.—The Princess and her daughters remain at Sandringham.—Princes Albert Victor and George with the Detached Squadron left Simonoseki, Japan, last week, and were expected at Shanghai on Tuesday. The young Princes will not return home before next spring.

The engagement is announced of Prince Leopold to the Princess Hélène of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The young Princess is sister to Queen Emma of the Netherlands, and niece of the Queen of Sweden, and is twenty years of age, being thus eight years younger than her future husband. The betrothal took place last week at Frankfort, where the Prince is now staying.

The Duke of Edinburgh has concluded his tour of inspection on the Welsh coast, and returned to London at the end of last week.—The Duke of Connaught took his seat as a Master of the Bench at Gray's Inn on Tuesday—the "grand day" of Michaelmas Term. He will preside next February at the festival dinner of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, St. Saviour's, Oxford Street.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have gone to Scotland. They spent Monday in Edinburgh, where they went to St. Giles's Cathedral and Sir Noel Paton's studio, and on Tuesday left for Inverary, to visit the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

Monday was the forty-first birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany, and the usual honours of salute-firing and bell-ringing were observed at Windsor.—The Grand Duke of Baden is much better, having improved ever since the night of the 12th inst., when he appeared in a dying condition, and took leave of his family. The Grand Duchess is nursing her husband.



THE LATE DEAN STANLEY.—On Monday, the 12th prox., a public meeting will be held in the Chapter House, Westminster, in furtherance of the proposed memorial to the late Dean Stanley. Dr. Bradley, the new Dean, will preside, and the Prince of Wales has signified his intention of taking part in the proceedings.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.—On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of Teck attended a concert at Exeter Hall given in celebration of the completion of this Society's new building in Serjeants' Inn, the cost of which was 15,000/., two-thirds of which has already been subscribed. After the concert the Duchess received a number of purses in aid of the funds, and it was announced that 300/.. had been thus subscribed.

THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.—On Wednesday Earl Spencer and Mr. Mundella, M.P., received a deputation representative of the various Wesleyan bodies throughout the country, who urged a number of objections to several provisions in the improved New Education Code. Both Ministers promised to consider the statements made, and declared that their only object in revising the Code was the advancement of the education of the country.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY preached twice on Sunday last at the Metropolitan Tabernacle to crowded congregations, and on Monday Mr. Moody attended the noonday prayer meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street, where he gave an account of the recent Mission in Newcastle-on-Tyne. By the way, the Newcastle Committee have sent a letter to the daily papers emphatically contradicting the statement made by the *Scotsman* that Messrs. Moody and Sankey privately insisted on being paid 700/.. per month.—The Bishop of Manchester, preaching on Sunday at Oldham, said he feared some of the forms religion was taking among well-meaning but fanatical men were far from the spirit of soberness which pervaded Christ's teaching. When he read of excited meetings where people cried out in an hysterical way and grovelled on the ground, shedding hatsfull of tears, he feared the effect of this startling excitement passed away almost as rapidly as it was produced. Where, he asked, were now the tens of thousands who six years ago rushed to hear the earnest American Evangelists, Moody and Sankey, at Manchester? He preferred to speak to men and women while reason held the reins firmly over imagination and passing emotion. They must not suppose, because a man could cry out under great excitement "Glory Alleluia," he was therefore saved.

SPECIAL SERVICES are now being held on week-day evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by two young men named Fullerton

and Smith. The first mentioned preaches after the manner of Moody, whilst the other leads the choir with a silver cornet.

"BRAWLING" IN CHURCH.—On Tuesday Mr. Henry Sanders, the people's churchwarden at St. James's, Hatcham, was summoned for having, during Divine Service, been guilty of "indecent behaviour" by going from his seat to the Vestry for some notes, and subsequently interrupting the preacher, the Rev. G. Skinner, by calling out, "That is not the truth. You have no right to say that." Mr. Sanders' defence was that the sermon was grossly indecorous and offensive, and he contended that he should have been perfectly justified in forcibly turning the preacher out of the church. The magistrate, however, thought that whether right or wrong according to strict law, he was wrong from a common-sense point of view, and had been guilty of "indecent conduct in its most minor form." Ultimately the summons was formally adjourned for a month, Mr. Sanders promising to refrain from such interference in future.

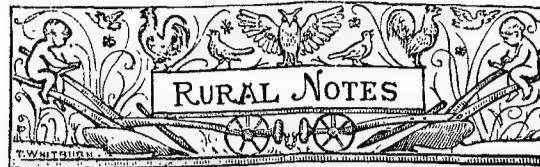


BRUSSELS AND PARIS.—*La Statue*, an opera by M. Ernest Reyer, which made little sensation in Paris, has been revived at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie. The composer, successor to Berlioz and d'Ortigue as musical critic in the *Journal des Débats*, was invited to superintend the rehearsals, the performances being conducted by M. Dupont (of the Royal Italian Opera). The reception of *La Statue* was unanimously favourable, and the directors of the Monnaie contemplate "inaugurating" their next season with a revival of the same composer's equally neglected *Sigurd*.

M. Reyer is not the only critic on an influential Paris paper who is also himself open to criticism as a composer. Berlioz, just cited, and Adolphe Adam, "Auber le Petit" (as he used to be styled by those sufficiently connoisseurs to perceive the difference between great things and small), figuring, like Weber, Schumann, Wagner, &c., among the Germans as notable examples. The gay and brilliant capital of Belgium would seem to covet the distinction of being in Art-matters, so far as music is concerned, a kind of *succursale* to Paris, and what Lyons has been to M. Saint-Saëns, Brussels seems likely to be for MM. Reyer and Massenet, whose *Herodiade* will in all probability first see the light of the stage lamps before the intelligent and truly artistic Belgian public. It should not be forgotten that when the late Georges Bizet, after a life of anxiety and disappointments, further embittered by continued and grave indisposition, gave his admirable *Carmen* to the world, it achieved, notwithstanding the forcible portrayal of the leading character by Madame Gallé-Marié, only a moderate success, and that at Brussels it first met with general appreciation. Since then, of course, the very frequent performances in London and elsewhere in England have led to its production in most of the operatically-inclined cities of the Continent, as well as in the chief towns of the United States of America. This does not take from, but rather adds to, the credit due to Brussels. *Carmen* is now repeatedly performed all over the civilised world, in French, Italian, English, or German, as the case may be, and there are now as many *Carmens* as there are *Marguerites*. Many amateurs, not French alone, but foreigners, express considerable surprise that M. Carvalho, the active and intelligent director of the Opéra Comique, pays so comparatively little heed to an opera which is unanimously accepted as a masterpiece of the *genre* school, and is, moreover, the latest emanation from the genius of one of his most gifted compatriots; and this especially because he has in his company fitting representatives for all the *dramatis personae* without exception. It should be the turn of Paris just now, one might think, to do something in acknowledgment of the courtesy of the sister capital. The living representative operatic composer and musician-in-general of Belgium is M. Gevaert, whose *Quentin Durward* was produced many years ago at the Opéra Comique with an indisputable *succès d'estime*. Since then *Quentin Durward* has been remodelled and revived at Brussels with every mark of public approval. Why not revive it at the Opéra Comique, where, again, every character would find a suitable representative? M. Gevaert is the Principal of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, and, as those who know his antecedents are aware, a man who stands apart from the crowd. It would not be a bad idea to make a sort of confraternity between the two chief lyric theatres of Paris and the Théâtre de la Monnaie of Belgium, so that any new work inconvenient to bring out at a precise date might be produced by the other, and vice versa. Not only new French operas, but French orchestral compositions of the actual period are freely drawn upon for the concerts directed years ago by the well-known bibliographist and musician, M. Fétis, author of the *Dictionnaire Universelle des Musiciens*, and *Bibliographie Générale de la Musique*, the enemy incarnate of Hector Berlioz (who, after his peculiar manner, returned it in kind). This would engender and nourish between the two nations a reciprocity of feeling in art which could hardly fail to redound to the advantage of both. The musical critics of the leading Paris journals have been invited to attend the first performance in Brussels of M. Massenet's *Herodiade*.

WAIFS.—At Meiningen, stronghold of Dr. Hans von Bülow, the second of the Ducal "Orchestra Concerts" was exclusively devoted to compositions by Mendelssohn, and the third as exclusively to compositions by Mozart. According to Dr. von Bülow's own testimony Wagner has frequently declared his opinion that the greatest "abstract musician" after Mozart was Mendelssohn; so, in devoting the two programmes to works by the Salzburg musicians who died in 1791, and the Hamburg musician who died in 1847, the Doctor by no means encourages a belief, so widely and hopefully entertained in certain quarters, that he has repudiated his allegiance to Wagner, Liszt, and the "advanced" party.—Boito's *Mefistofele* has been well received at Bologna, where the production of *Lohengrin*, at the suggestion of Signor Campanini, first introduced Wagner's music to the Italians.—At Hanover they have revived Spontini's *Vestalin* (*La Vestale*), with a revised libretto by Herr Frank, conductor of the orchestra. Dr. Von Bülow, his precursor, would not have tolerated this.—The Duke of Meiningen has conferred on Johannes Brahms the Commander's Cross of the Saxe-Ernest House Order.—Anton Rubinstein's "sacred opera" (*Das Vierlere Paradies* ("Paradise Lost")) was recently performed at the Singakademie of Chemnitz. At the first "Subscription Concert" in Schwerin, the most important feature of the programme was the "Ocean Symphony" (with its lately added two movements) of the same renowned *virtuoso*.—Etelka Gerster has joined Max Strakosch's Opera Company in the United States. Among other parts she will essay, for the first time, that of Ophelia, in the *Hamlet* of Ambroise Thomas.—The *Piccolino* of M. Guirand, which, despite an excellent "all round" performance, won but small consideration when an excellent English version was produced in London by Mr. Carl Rosa (it was more fortunate in the country), has obtained a frank success at the Teatro Colon in Buenos-Ayres.—A series of papers, under the title of *Spanish Opera from its Origin to the Present Day* is being published in the *Correspondencia Musical*. They are from the experienced and competent pen of Señor Peña y Goñi, a well-known critic of the Madrid *Tiempo*, and are to be re-published in a volume which may serve to enlighten us no little about the rise

and progress of the musical art in Spain, added to trustworthy notices of those composers who have contributed most to its glory, the majority of whose works are as little known to us as the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon della Barca.—It is stated that the Abbé Franz Liszt is again very seriously indisposed.



MR. CAIRD ON BRITISH LAND.—In the recent address delivered by him before the Statistical Society, Mr. Caird said, "Mixed husbandry, corn and cattle, will continue to hold its ground. Our cattle cannot be reared without winter fodder, and that can be most cheaply found in the straw of the corn crops which at once supplies food and yields manure. The value of straw, though not reckoned in money, is a large addition to that of corn. The alternation of corn and green crops and grass keeps the land refreshed. It proportions the work to the seasons and gets variety, elicits the skill of the cultivator, and gives employment to the labourer, and to the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the village shopkeeper. The country feeds the town, not only with fresh provisions, but recruits it with fresh life. There will be still room for all conditions of men amongst us, and no need to convert the surface of England into a vast grass field."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Fresh eggs were found the other day in a rook's nest near Bridgewater.—Several landrills have been seen since the beginning of November. They are staying late this year.—A cock pheasant recently shot by Mr. Baker at Eastcott weighed 5lbs.—A stone curlew has recently been shot at Gayton, near Northampton.—A Norfolk correspondent complains that though quails still visit the county, they do so in diminished numbers each year.

BEES.—A very interesting lecture on Bee Keeping was recently delivered at Devizes. The lecturer said that the advanced bee-keeper did not kill the bees in taking honey. He puffed a little tobacco smoke into the hive; enough to frighten the insects, but not sufficient to suffocate them. Being thus disturbed the bees immediately begin to fill their honey bags from their stores, and in a few minutes they would become gorged. If a few taps were then given to the hive the bees would all be driven off, and if before this tapping the hive was inverted in a skep placed over it, they would leave the hive and take possession of the skep. When gorged with honey the bees would not sting.

THE CHESHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE in their Council's Annual Report recommended farmers to be very moderate in their expectations from legislation, and to co-operate as far as they can with their landlords. The Council are sorry to be compelled to add that they do not think the position and prospects of farmers any more hopeful than they have been for some time.

THE NORWICH SHOW was a success, owing to fine weather and a good attendance. The show of animals, although larger than in any previous year, was still far short in point of numbers of what East Anglia ought to send to its leading Agricultural Exhibition. A two-year Devon steer belonging to Lord Hastings was greatly admired, and took a first prize, and a white shorthorn heifer of Mr. Cobon's needed but a better head and shoulder to be a splendid animal. A prize animal equal to anything we have seen at Smithfield or Birmingham was Mr. Stephenson's black polled steer, which was good at all points, and a very type of what the breed is at its best. A pure Scotch polled heifer of Mr. Baker's won a well-merited prize, and would have probably been first among a number of competitors. There was, however, no other exhibit in the class, and as at the Royal Show in July, we have to complain of an injudicious arrangement of prizes and classes. Some of the divisions are well nigh inexplicable. Two prizes of the total value of 7s. 6d. (¹) were offered for Daniels' Carrots, while 30s. were offered for Daniels' Onions. The result of this disparity was that there were only two entries of the first vegetable against eleven of the second. We have only space to observe in conclusion that the sheep were a small show of extremely high standard of excellence, while Mr. Sanders Spencer's pigs carried all before them in their department, and were indeed a complete triumph of breeding and care. The roots shown by Messrs. Carter of London, and Mr. King of Coggeshall, were very fine, while the enormous "white elephant" potato of Messrs. Daniels, of Norwich, attracted much notice.

SAXON ENGLAND was the subject of some remarks made by Lord Carnarvon at Highclere the other day. His Lordship said that the Saxons, unlike the Romans, were no lovers of towns; they, for the most part, settled down in the country. They grew a great deal of corn, their pigs roamed into the woods, they had great herds of cattle, their sheep were pastured and folded, and they themselves lived, from all accounts, a very genial, not to say jolly, life. They drank a great deal of mead and mead, a sort of mixture composed of honey, and they had very powerful ale; they ate pork, beef, mutton, and fowls; they had three meals a day, and they dined at the ninth hour of the day, which would be three o'clock.

WEST-COUNTRY FARMERS.—A large and important meeting of agriculturists has just been held at Cirencester, at which Lord Bathurst, Mr. Yorke, M.P., Major Chester Master, M.P., Major Cragie, Mr. Hulbert, of North Cerney, Mr. Vaisey, of Stratton, and Mr. Ellett were speakers. The following resolutions were all carried unanimously:—1. That this meeting protests against the unfair pressure of local taxation on real property, and the continued exemption of income arising from personal property. 2. That the severe depression under which agriculture is suffering demands in the interest of all classes of the community that the exceptional taxation to which the owners and occupiers of land are now subjected should be immediately removed. 3. That a petition to Parliament, praying for relief from unfair local burdens, be prepared and put in course of signature, and at the beginning of next Session placed in the hands of the county members for presentation.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE, in addition to resolutions all but coincident with those agreed to at Cirencester, have resolved that it is unjust to pay out of local rates any part of the cost of primary education; that the proportioned part of the cost of maintenance of the main roads now levied out of the county rates should be paid by the Imperial Exchequer, and that the cost of indoor maintenance of the poor ought justly and might safely be paid from Imperial funds. The Lord Lieutenant of the County has been asked to call a general public meeting to consider these questions.

ENGLISH WHEAT EXPORTS.—The recent exportation of English wheat deserves record, as it is a somewhat unusual occurrence. For some weeks past seven to ten thousand quarters of wheat have been sent abroad from the East Coast, and a similar quantity sent coastwise. The East Anglian mills have also been fully worked, principally on English wheat, the result is that the supply of farmers' wheat is much reduced, and prices are rather higher than at any time since Michaelmas.

THE GARDEN.—At this time of the year it is well to bear in mind that plants kept dry and well-aired can endure two or three degrees more frost than plants of the same kind in a more damp condition. When plants get frozen care should be taken that they thaw very gradually. They should be thawed in a still, cool air, and in the dark. By care in this respect frost-touched geraniums may

frequently be saved. Gardens should now be cleared of leaves, to be saved in pits for manure, and in the kitchen garden the ground between cabbages and cauliflowers should be hoed. Winter spinach should be thinned, Brussels sprouts cleared off in compartments as used, and the ground should be dug over as soon as vacant. Raspberry bushes should now have the old canes cut away, the new canes thinned to three or four of the strongest to each stock, and a good mulch of half-rotten dung laid down over their roots. The ground between them should not be dug over.

MR. DUCKHAM, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at Ashperston the other day, Mr. Duckham denied that local taxation was a purely landlords' question, for until the tenant farmer invested his capital, the land was not made fully productive, and would not attain that high value which it ultimately obtained by the capital of the farmer. He knew of many cases where a landlord having a farm upon his hands had allowed the land to go out of cultivation, and had appealed against the rates as the farm was not occupied, thus throwing a heavy burden upon the adjoining parishes.

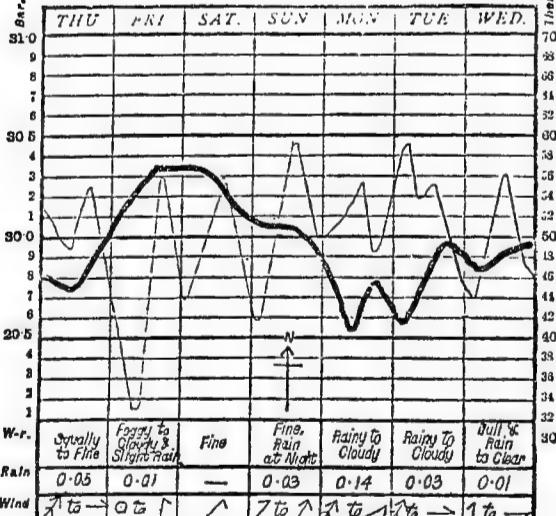
MISCELLANEOUS.—The remarkably mild weather which has prevailed so largely this month has been the cause of vegetation taking quite a fresh start. Primroses and violets have frequently been found in sheltered woods.—Chrysanthemums are very fine this year. We have seen uncommonly flourishing growths in the Temple Gardens, at Tunbridge Wells, at Norwich, and at Yarmouth.

THE HOUSING AND TREATMENT OF THE LONDON POOR.

"The poor ye have always with you" is a Scriptural truth which we are too apt to forget amid the hurry and bustle of business and pleasure, but of which we are too often unpleasantly reminded by newspaper reports of shocking cases of privation and suffering, deaths from starvation and exposure, and occasionally murders and suicides resulting from the mad despair bred of extreme poverty and wretchedness. During the past few days several things have occurred tending to bring to the front the great question of the treatment of the London poor. At an inquest on a little child whose death was clearly traceable to the filthy surroundings amid which its parents lived, several members of the jury spoke in indignant terms, and we fear it must be admitted not without good reason, of the failure of the Peabody Trustees to render any assistance to the very poor of the metropolis, who, according to the wording of Mr. Peabody's will, were intended to be the chief, if not the sole legatees. Then again we have the startling sensation of these very trustees, whose *raison d'être* is the improvement of the sanitary condition of the dwellings of the poor, appearing before a magistrate to answer a summons for allowing certain houses belonging to them to become a nuisance, the condition of the tenements being so bad that within a short time twenty cases of fever, of which four were fatal, had resulted. The facts were not disputed, but, extraordinary as it may seem, the defending solicitor showed that the Trustees were not responsible, since they could not pull down the houses without permission from the Home Secretary, who, for some inexplicable reason, will not give an order for the demolition of fewer than fifteen at a time, so that these houses, which were condemned several years ago, long before they were bought by the Peabody Trustees, are still standing, and would be still inhabited had not the magistrate made an order for them to be shut up. Surely such an absurd anomaly as this needs only to be pointed out in order to be at once abolished. Last, but by no means least, we desire to call attention to what passed between Mr. Dodson and the deputation which waited on him the other day to protest against the proposed expenditure of 200,000/- in the building of a new workhouse. They appear to have argued in favour of outdoor relief as involving less expenditure for each person assisted than is incurred by admission into the workhouse, and Mr. Dodson's elaborate statistical reply was overwhelming if the question is only to be regarded as one of pounds, shillings, and pence. If it be our duty to repress and stamp out poverty as we do crime and disease the test of admission to the house cannot be too strictly applied, only the absolutely destitute will go in, and we shall save money by closing our hearts as well as our pockets. Yet it is not pleasant to reflect that the application of this hard and fast rule may have, and most likely has been, the immediate cause of many a lingering death in cases where family affection or personal pride has prevented the needy from entering the house; and in other instances the direct incentive to the adoption of immorality and crime as a means of getting a livelihood.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

Nov 17 to Nov 23 (INCLUSIVE).



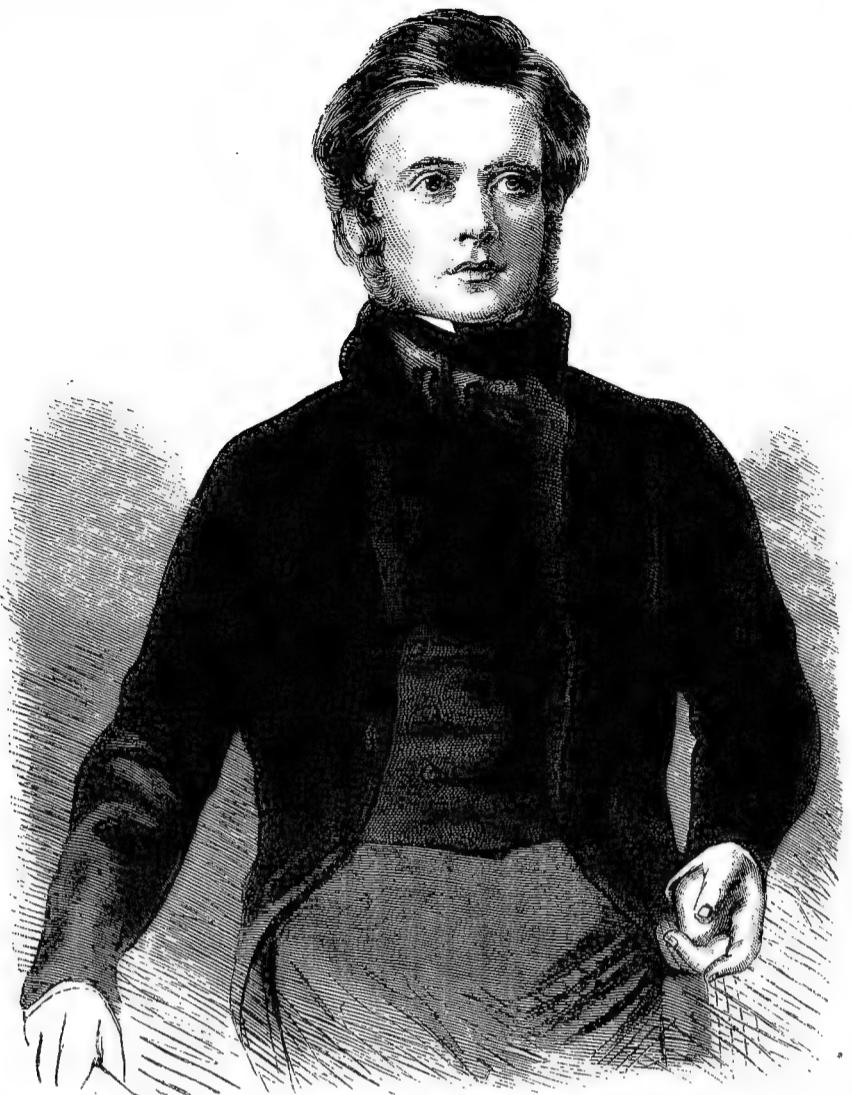
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The general character of the weather during this week has been fine, mild, and quiet in the daytime, but stormy and rainy at night, and in the course of the period no fewer than three gales have passed over. The first one occurred on Wednesday night (16th inst.), the second on Sunday night (20th inst.), and the third on Monday night (21st inst.), the last-mentioned being exceedingly severe in the northern parts of the country. The amount of rain accompanying these disturbances has at no time been heavy, and the total fall for the week is considerably less than the mean for the time of year. Temperature has again been unusually high, the greatest maximum being that of Sunday (20th inst.), when the shaded thermometer reached 59°. The highest average temperature occurred on Monday (21st inst.), and was almost 9° above the mean for the day. The barometer was highest (30.56 inches) on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (29.54 inches) on Monday (21st inst.); range, 0.82 inches. Temperature was highest (59°) on Sunday (20th inst.); lowest (33°) on Friday (18th inst.); range, 26°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.27 inches. Greatest fall on any one day (0.14 inches) on Monday (21st inst.).

A HUGE METEORIC STONE fell in the Market Place of Vevey on Monday, having apparently come from a point on the Haute-Perche directly over the mountains on the Savoyard side of the Laste. The stone was sufficiently large to have crushed any house on which it might have alighted.

MR. BRIGHT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

THE public demonstration at Rochdale in celebration of Mr. John Bright's seventieth birthday was sadly marred by wet weather, but the day was kept holiday, and decorated their streets with plenty of bunting, flowers, and evergreens. The programme began with the private reception at One Ash of a small deputation from the Birmingham Liberal Association, who, after delivering their congratulatory message, stayed to lunch with Mr. Bright. In the afternoon the 1,500 workpeople, men, women, and children, employed in Mr. Bright's mills assembled, not on the lawn at One Ash, as had been arranged, but, on account of a heavy downpour of rain, in one of the large rooms of the mill. Here the chair was taken by the senior *employé* of the firm, Mr. James Tweedale, and a handsomely engrossed and illuminated address was presented, which referred to Mr. Bright not as the head of the firm, but as the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Lord Rector of Glasgow University, congratulated him on the attainment of his seventieth birthday, and thanked him for his services to humanity, special reference being made to some of the chief measures of reform with which his name is associated. Mr. Bright, who looked remarkably well, and whose voice is said to be quite as clear and silvery as ever, though perhaps little less powerful, made a brief speech in reply, reminding his hearers of the great improvements which had been wrought in the condition of the working classes during the last half century, referring especially to Free Trade, the abolition of the newspaper and advertisement duties, the extension of the franchise, and the establishment of a system of national education. He had been actively engaged in politics for nearly forty years. It had its irritations and its disappointments, and was often very hard work, but at the same time it had many compensations, the chief of which was that the measures he had tried to promote had been, on the whole, productive of sensible and apparent good to the country. The speech ended with a reference to the time, forty or fifty years ago, when he knew every face in the factory, and paid all the wages, and the expression of a hope that the relations between the firm and its *employés* might continue to be in the future as harmonious and tranquil as they had been in the past. During the delivery of this speech Mr. Bright was frequently cheered with great



MR. BRIGHT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY
PORTRAIT FROM A DRAWING BY C. A. DU VAL IN 1843

heartiness, and at its conclusion the Factory Band played and the workpeople sang "For he is a jolly good fellow." Towards the close of the day the weather cleared, and the streets of the town were thronged with people as Mr. Bright drove to the Town Hall to attend the public meeting, presided over by the Mayor. He was enthusiastically cheered along the entire route, and when he entered the building the whole audience of 2,000 people rose to welcome him, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and applauding vociferously for several minutes, and winding up with the singing of "A Fine Old English Gentleman."

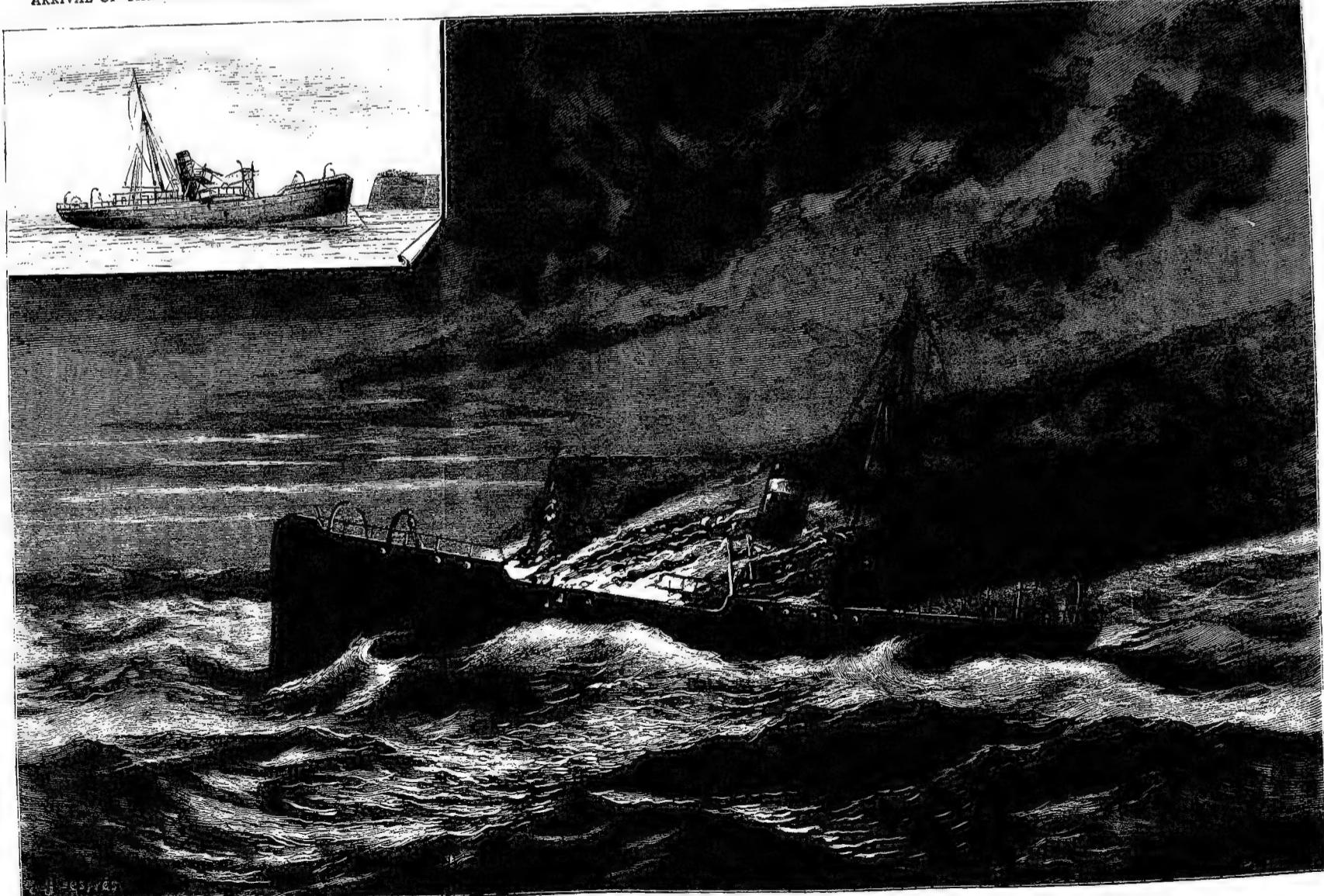
The Mayor in opening the proceedings spoke of Mr. Bright as one who had toiled magnificently through a long and honoured career. The address, which was read and voted amid renewed acclamation, was hung in front of the platform. It was a massively framed piece of illuminated work, which described Mr. Bright's singleness of purpose, purity of motive, fidelity to principle, and indomitable energy in pursuing the true course of a patriot; spoke of the stormy past, in which, sustained by a sense of rectitude, he had stood unmoved, and of the private virtues which had won the love of fellow-townsmen and workpeople, and concluded with the declaration that with him a hoary head was emphatically a crown of glory. In replying to this address Mr. Bright spoke for an hour and a quarter, reviewing the legislation of the past forty years, and again referring to many of the topics he had alluded to in his speech at the mill. At first his voice faltered a little from emotion, but he soon recovered his old well-remembered tone and manner, and elicited cheer upon cheer as he made point after point in defending the Free Trade policy against "the rather feeble-minded class of men" who now propose to undo the work of men like Robert Peel, Cobden, and Gladstone.

Mr. Bright concluded with some reminiscences of the political history of Rochdale, referring especially to Mr. E. Miall, a man who believed, as he himself did, that the State would be no less Christian, and the Church much more so, if the latter were freed from the shackles which now bound it; a man who had pursued a great and noble cause with a great and noble magnanimity, and who died with the faith that its realisation was certain and not very remote.

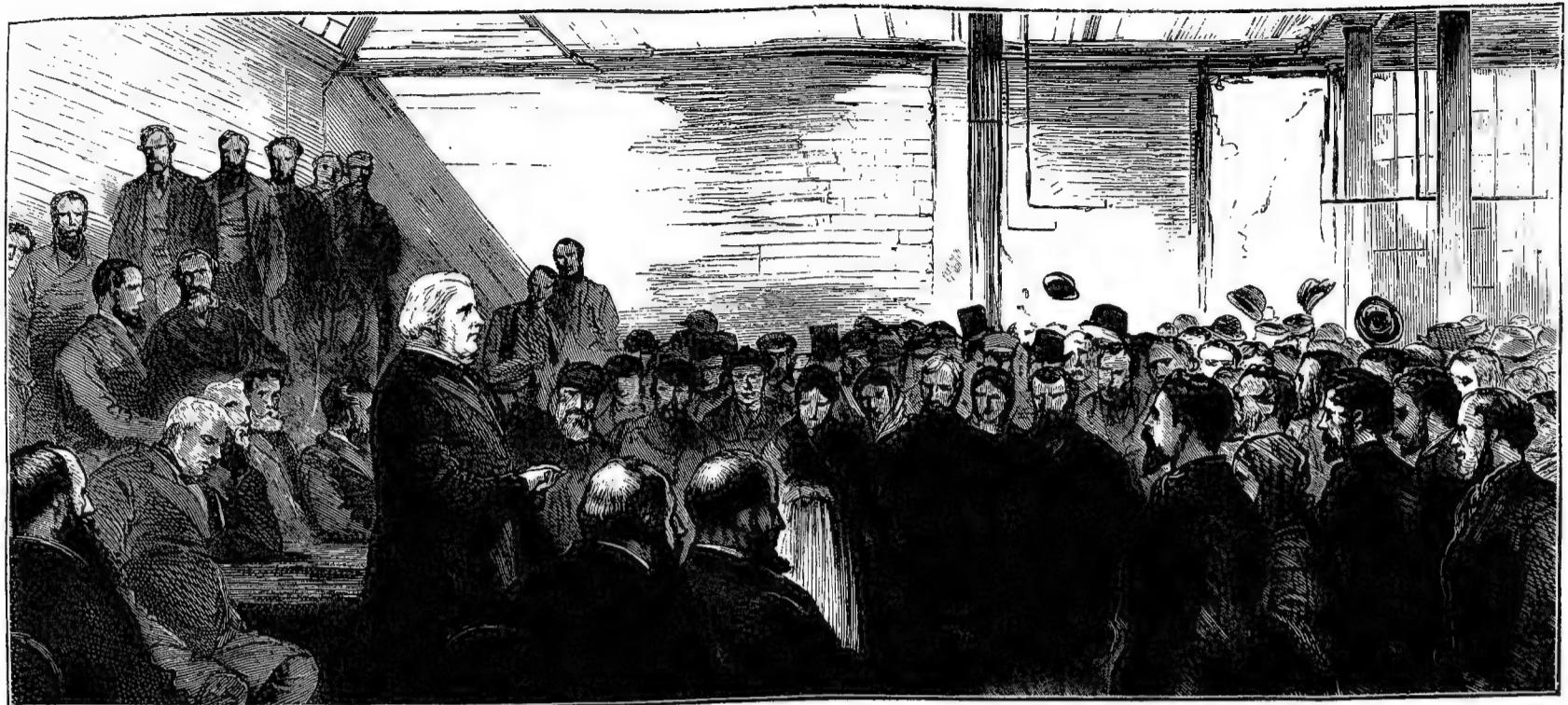
At the close of the meeting a torchlight procession escorted Mr. Bright and his friends home. The population turned out *en masse* to line the

(Continued on page 550)

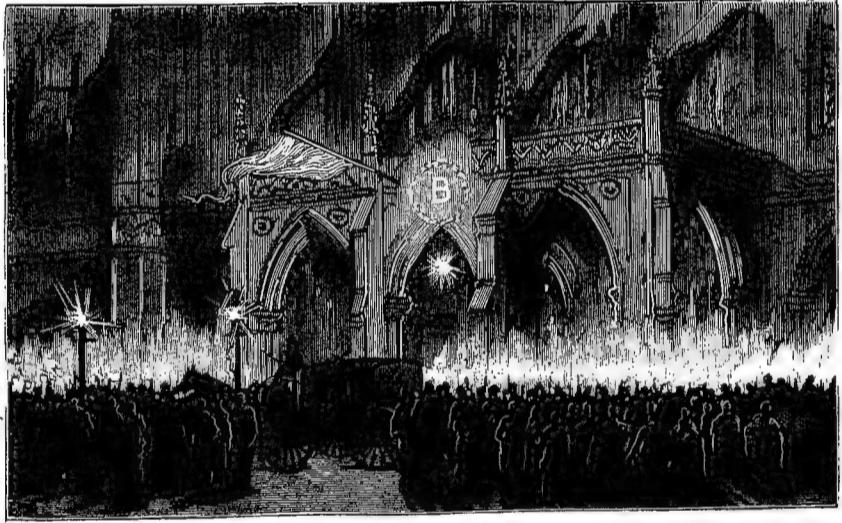
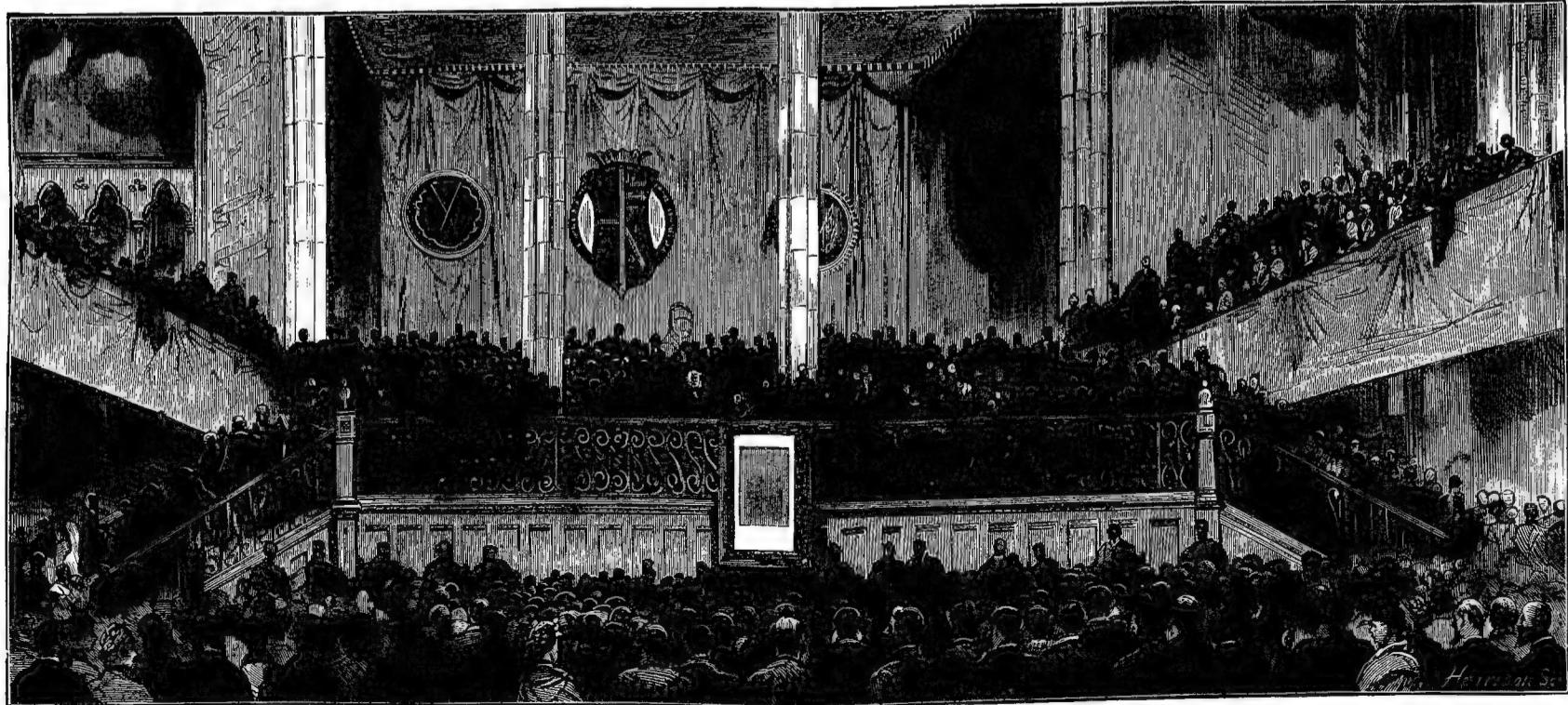
ARRIVAL OF THE VESSEL AT KINGSTOWN HARBOUR



AT SEA—OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE ON THE DECK
THE BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP "SOLWAY"



THE MEETING OF OPERATIVES IN FIELD HOUSE MILL

GREENBANK, ROCHDALE, BIRTHPLACE OF THE RIGHT HON.
JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.THE DEPARTURE FROM THE TOWN HALL—THE
TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

THE MEETING IN THE TOWN HALL, ROCHDALE

MR. BRIGHT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

route, and it is estimated that there were 30,000 people in the Town Hall Square alone. There were about 1,000 torch-bearers, and a number of mounted horsemen acted as an advance guard. Coloured fires lit up the streets, and houses and public buildings were illuminated. On Cronkeyshaw Common there was a great bonfire with fifteen tons of coal for a foundation, and at that and other places there were fireworks, the rejoicings being kept up until a late hour.

Our portrait is from an engraving in mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds, from a drawing by the late C. A. Duval, published in 1843 by the Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, during the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. The view of Mr. Bright's Birthplace is from a photograph by J. Jackson, 2, The Walk, Rochdale, and the remainder of our engravings are from sketches by Mr. W. Topham.

THE ARIZONA COW-BOYS

THE desperate characters, lawless lives, and picturesquely terrible scenes with which the readers of *Bret Harte* are familiar have yet their counterparts in the remote mining communities of America. No better illustration of this could be given than is afforded by the rather unpleasantly famous "cow-boys" of Arizona. Let the reader picture to himself a well-mounted man with a sun-roasted face, a heavy fierce-looking moustache, a low-crowned and very broad-brimmed hat, equipped with a first-class Remington, a six-chambered Colt, and two belts of ammunition, having also a couple of circular saws, *alias* spurs, fixed to his heels, and he sees a rough outline of an Arizona cow-boy.

It is perhaps superfluous to state that they recognise only one right of property, and that is their own right to keep what they can steal. The bucolic appellation by which they are known is derived from the fact that they devote their energies mainly to the acquisition of "stock." This is the *modus operandi*. Crossing the borders into Mexico they secrete themselves in the neighbourhood of a stock ranch until themselves and their horses are refreshed. When the night comes they swoop down upon the ranch, and take off as much of the stock as they can manage to drive. Oftentimes they are watched by the Mexicans and attacked. Then they have to fight for dear life. No quarter is there given or expected; no prisoners are made. Invariably the cow-boys are outnumbered in these cases, but they are not invariably defeated.

In such a tract of country as Arizona, where railroads are few, and fares extravagant, the miners in "squinting around" for work find it advisable, where possible, to make their itineraries on horseback. Then when they do get employment they allow their horses to roam about and feed in the neighbourhood of the camp or mine until they may have once more to peregrinate. Ordinarily no one thinks of molesting or appropriating the animals. By chance, however, a couple of cow-boys may come into the camp. After a sojourn of a day or two, they depart, and it is a suggestive coincidence that half-a-dozen "hosses" are lost about the same time.

Of late the trade of the cow-boys has been checked somewhat. The Mexican Government have made representations to the Ministers at Washington with respect to these raids and raiders, and now the passes on the States' side of the border line are sentryed by American troops, while Mexican warriors do a similar duty on the other. Nevertheless these disciples of Rob Roy still elect to ply their avocation despite multiplied risks and penalties. They seem to have a constitutional antipathy to "settling down." They prefer the nomad life, and endure remarkable hardships either from taste or necessity—I should say the latter. If they do happen to get a job and lose it, they don't seek another, but return, perhaps with a feeling of relief, to their first and only love—stock-stealing.

Generally the members of this race of freebooters have been "raised" in Texas. Commonly, too, they have left Texas "for their country's good," as Barrington put it. Seldom you see an old man amongst them. They have a habit of getting "shot off" before they reach "the sere and yellow leaf." The few exceptions squat down on a ranch among the foot hills, where they raise as much grain and stock as keeps the breath in them. These friendly ranches are very convenient "break-journeys" for the young cow-boys when they are returning from their forays.

Galeyville, a mining camp, where for a while was my *habitat*, was seldom lacking the privilege of the presence of some of these young bloods. I have often seen us honoured with the company of a dozen and more at once. On these occasions we were wont to have some very pleasant and innocent amusements. For instance, our visitors would mount their horses and gallop them madly up and down the camp, at the same time firing their Colts in all directions. This is what they call "shooting up the durned camp a little." They enjoy it immensely. So do the inhabitants—out of range. To their credit be it said, however, they are fine marksmen. In all the reckless displays of this sort I never saw them hurt any one, unless it might be one of themselves.

I made a point of cultivating the acquaintance and good graces (necessarily) of these gentry, and thus grew intimate with some of them, and learnt much about them. They have all nicknames. For example—"Curly Bill," "Rattlesnake Jack," "The Kid," "Navaho Jim," "Russian Bill," "Johnny Behind the Deuce," "Rawhide Bill," and so on. They are fond of these names too. Let me speak of "Curly Bill." He is considered one of the most desperate of them. On one occasion he and another named M'Allister went into Mexico, and actually drove out three hundred head of cattle. They were pursued by a body of Mexicans, and overtaken in Arizona about thirty miles from Galeyville, at a place where there stood an old abandoned house. The pursuers having secured their cattle, "went for" the cow-boys. Curly Bill and his companion had taken possession of the deserted house, and they held it against the Mexicans. The siege was maintained for three days, and the two men had neither food nor water all that time. Their plight was very desperate, when some of their comrades came by chance that way. The Mexicans then deemed it the better part of valour to retire, but they left twelve dead bodies behind them. During the hostilities Curly Bill was shot in the head in three places, but M'Allister's damage consisted only of a flesh-wound in the neck. Curly Bill recovered, but after that it was noticed that when the worse of liquor he seemed a bit crazy, and people kept out of his way. When sober, however, he was considered all right. Some little time after his accident he was in Tombstone, a mining town, and got drunk. The "Marshal," *anglicized* policeman, thought them to arrest him, but Curly Bill shot him dead on the spot. He was overpowered, imprisoned, and in due course brought to trial. Through a miscarriage of justice, which is not phenomenal in those parts, he was allowed to go free.

A few months subsequently he came to Galeyville, and that is where I became acquainted with him. He is about 5 ft. 9 in. high, and of light but compact and sinewy frame. He has sharp features, a prominent Roman nose, massive under-face, and long neck. His hair is dark and curly—hence his pseudonym. He has a beautiful set of teeth. I was most struck by his eyes. Their expression is not quick and piercing, but steadfast and calm. Still they never rest for an instant on a single object. In speech I found him very civil. His language was somewhat choice, and absolutely free from the coarseness so prominent in the talk of others of his class. Conversing with him I was surprised by his intelligence and sound sense. There was something chivalric, too, in his disposition. He would not be guilty of a mean action in company, nor would he tolerate it in another cow-boy. I saw an amusing instance of that. One day he and a comrade called Wallace were drinking in a saloon. Their horses were tied at the door. The Sheriff of Tombstone along with the Sheriff of Galeyville happened to pass. The former asked

whose horses they were, and was informed. Then they walked on, but Wallace, who had heard the colloquy, came out and gave the two Sheriffs a good deal of lingual abuse. Curly Bill hearing of this came out, and he made Wallace go and in the most humble and abject manner apologise to the two Sheriffs. Wallace afterwards very nearly gave the quietus to Curly. A couple of days later, when they were drinking together, Wallace annoyed Bill again. The latter told him if he would not leave his sight he would kill him. Wallace went out of the saloon at once, but waited outside, and when Curly Bill came out he shot him. The ball passed clean through the man's neck, but did not strike a fatal spot, and Curly Bill recovered. Wallace was arrested, tried, and acquitted within fifteen minutes. The old Justice was afraid to convict him, and told him, that having been threatened by Curly Bill he was justified in what he did. Wallace has been "scarce" since.

In June four cow-boys, each of whom I knew, were killed in Mexico. They were in the act of transferring to themselves the ownership of a hundred and fifty head of cattle when the plundered Mexicans came up with them. There was a fearful encounter. The four cow-boys were killed, but not before they had disposed of twenty-seven of their opponents. About a week after that event two cow-boys came into our camp, and in talking to them I introduced the subject of the Mexican fatality. One of them remarked, "Ya-as, they murdered them four boys, but old Mexico doesn't know what she's lost for that." He went on to inform me that coming through a certain pass in the mountains on "the line" they had left six dead Mexicans piled up one on the other "lying cross-wise like bars of soap." Indeed, it is a common thing for prospectors or other travellers to find the corpse of a Mexican in some lonely out-of-the-way spot where he had been dutifully murdered by Rattlesnake Jack or Raw-hide Bill, or some other member of the class. And this is done simply because the man is a Mexican and has a horse—and if he have not a horse then it is equally necessary because he is a "mere Mexican."

Prudence compels them to be more respectful towards a "white" man. If they molested one of them, and it became known, they would be likely to get a supply of lead instead of fodder the next time they visited the locality.

But the poor Mexican—a friendless alien—well may his heart palpitate and his blood turn cold when he finds himself among these desperadoes! There is but one certainty before him, and that is death. He may fight like a lion and kill one or two of his assailants. But he must die. The others will not leave him until the breath is out of him, and they then will go away exulting that they have killed "a son of a bitch" of a Mexican. On to the next camp they will ride, and along with a torrent of oaths and brutal jests they will pour out the story of their achievements. At the same time they will pour in tumblers of intoxicants, and having got drunk they will mount their horses, gallop up and down, swaying about in their saddles the while, and "shoot the town up a little." Thus with their prancing, and galloping, and shooting, and cursing, and yelling, the place looks for the time as if Old Harry had started to "run" a branch Hell upon earth.

But that is not the end of their entertainment. At these times they act some of the maddest pranks it is possible to imagine. Up to a certain point, they pay for their liquor. But there would be no fun in continuing that policy. They will troop into a saloon—if the notion seizes them, indeed, they will ride into it. No matter how many may be there, they are all called upon to have another drink. No politely declining there. You must have something. If you don't "lively," you may have a cigar. That done, all round being served, the bar-tender is ordered to "set them up." That is equivalent to our "chalk it up." When the words "set them up" are spoken the bar-tender knows there is no pay for him. If he has any sense he does "set them up," and enjoys the joke more than anybody else. In that case the cow-boys will pay him when they get sober, and afterwards give him their custom. If he is crusty, however, he comes in for rather a rough time. They will never leave him a cent, but will make a point of dropping in when they are primed, and in the delicate fashion I have described persuade him to "set them up."

Heaven help the bar-tender if he be insane enough to blankly refuse to "set them up." Out fly the cow-boys' revolvers. The bar-tender is brought round to the front of the counter and told to dance. Should he decline, or not be lively enough on his "pins," they liven him up by such little attentions as shooting the heels off his boots, sticking a cigar in his mouth and then shooting it out again, or rattling the muzzle of a loaded and full-cocked revolver between his teeth. This goes on until they get tired of it, or until the exhausted and terrified bar-tender is only too delighted to struggle round behind the counter and "set them up."

Finally and seriously, it may be said that the cow-boys are a great obstacle to the material development of Arizona. Many capitalists in the Eastern States would invest in that region, and thus open it up, were it not for their dread of the cow-boys. They are afraid, naturally, to trust their money and themselves in a country where "hard cases" are so plentiful. It is consoling, however, to reflect that as the territory becomes more thickly settled these freebooters diminish in number. Communities who suffer by them will not tolerate them. Therefore they "most do congregate" in the backward spots, in remote mining-camps, and watering stations. The time is not distant, we may hope, when even there they will soon be nothing more than an interesting reminiscence.

JOHN JEE



THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.—On Wednesday last week a daring and cleverly-planned robbery was committed at the Hatton Garden Post Office, the thief, or thieves, getting clear off with a registered letter-bag, which contained packets of diamonds and other jewels, set and in the rough, the value of which is undoubtedly enormous, although the first estimate, 80,000*l.*, will probably turn out to be an exaggeration. The plot, which was cleverly conceived and boldly carried out, was simple. The gas was suddenly turned out at the meter, just as the evening mails for the Continent were being made up, and in the consequent darkness and confusion the bags were seized and carried off. It seems that the diamond merchants are secured against loss by a system of insurance, and the insurance companies have offered 1,000*l.* reward, to which the Post Office, which does not hold itself responsible for even registered letters, has added 200*l.*, for the apprehension of the thieves; but the police, although they talk about having the usual "clue," have only succeeded in laying hands upon two men who have nothing to do with the affair, but who being it is supposed, fraudulent bankrupts, had engaged a trawling vessel to take them across the Channel from Plymouth. It is stated that a convict at Dartmoor, who professes to have had foreknowledge of the plot, has given information which will probably lead to some arrests. The work of the Hatton Garden Post Office was done entirely by young women, but since the robbery a commissaire has been placed on duty there, and at other offices where only female clerks are employed.

THE CHARGE AGAINST PROFESSOR FERRIER for an alleged breach of the Vivisection Act has collapsed, the prosecutors having

been misled by the concurrent statements of the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*, which, as Miss Cobbe has since pointed out, erroneously attributed the experiments to Professor Ferrier, and remained uncontradicted until the case came on before Sir J. Ingham, when the reporter of the one journal declared that his account was inaccurate; and the editor of the other stood by while Professor Ferrier's counsel made the same declaration as to his account. The summons was dismissed because it was shown that operations which "caused pain," but which the magistrate declined to characterise as "cruel," were performed, not by Professor Ferrier but by Professor Yeo, who holds the necessary licence to keep the animals alive during the experiments.

THE "REFEREE" LIBEL.—Mr. Sampson, the editor and "sole proprietor" (?) of the *Referee*, has been found guilty of libelling Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, to whom the jury have awarded 1,500*l.* damages. The libel was, as Lord Coleridge remarked, one of a very strong character, and one of the most extraordinary things about the case is the fatuity with which the defendant persisted in his plea of "justification," although he was unable to produce any evidence in support of it. The imputation that money had been paid by Admiral Carr Glyn to Mr. Scott to induce him to suppress some damaging statement concerning the late Miss Neilson was emphatically denied both by the plaintiff and Admiral Carr Glyn; and as the strongest item in the evidence for the defence was the fact that Mr. Scott had experienced disappointment at not being mentioned in Miss Neilson's will, the verdict probably surprised no one. The serious business of the trial was relieved by the counsels' assumption of ignorance as to the identity of Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Connie Gilchrist, and some excitement was created by a disagreement which took place between them in consequence of Mr. Willis charging Mr. Russell with knowingly misrepresenting the facts, an imputation which was, however, subsequently withdrawn and apologised for. The evidence as to the way in which the *Theatre* magazine is conducted was quite beside the mark. The result of the trial will probably have a salutary effect upon the *Referee*.

NORDEN v. NORDEN.—The simple issue in this case was whether or no the defendant had some years ago signed a certain ante-nuptial agreement securing to his wife a sum of money to which she would become entitled on the death of her mother, and the furniture of the house in which they resided. The defence took the extraordinary form of a charge against the defendant's own father of forging the signature to the document, and an allegation of conspiracy against several other persons. The trial occupied eight days, and there was a remarkable conflict of evidence, some eight or nine witnesses swearing positively that the signature was genuine, whilst a like number declared with equal certainty that it was a clumsy forgery. Amongst the latter were the well-known experts, Messrs. Cabot and Netherclift, whom one is accustomed to meet with in such cases opposed to each other, but who for once in a way appeared on the same side. The verdict that "the defendant had signed while in an excited state of mind, and had since forgotten having done so," was perhaps more strange than the evidence, and under the circumstances it is not surprising that an endeavour is being made to obtain a rule for a new trial.

THE LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY opened its winter session on Monday, the address being delivered by Sir John Smale, late Chief Justice of Hong Kong, who advocated a decrease in the number of jurors, the acceptance of the verdict of the majority in ordinary cases, and the substitution of a Public Prosecutor for the grand jury. Referring to the Bankruptcy Laws, he admitted that Mr. Chamberlain's Bill contained some good suggestions, but maintained that what was wanted was codification, not amendment.

AN "ART LOTTERY."—A prosecution for carrying on an illegal lottery has been commenced by the City Solicitor against two persons named Cohen and Powell, who a few weeks ago started the "Musical and Fine Art Distributing Agency" at 73, Queen Victoria Street, and who are alleged to have issued thousands of circulars inviting people to purchase tickets for a monster distribution of musical and artistic gifts, the expenses of which were to be covered by a charge of 15 per cent. on the value of the prizes. They are now under remand, very heavy bail being required by Sir T. Owden, the magistrate before whom they were taken.

REFUSING TO ASSIST THE POLICE, when called upon in the Queen's name to do so, is an offence punishable by heavy fine or imprisonment, but the fact does not appear to be so generally known as it should be. It was partly on this account, and partly because the complaining constable was not in uniform at the time, that Mr. Alderman Staples the other day discharged a young man who had been summoned before him for thus neglecting a public duty which attaches to all of Her Majesty's subjects.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.—A dreadful double murder has been committed at Nottingham by a lad of nineteen named Westby, a solicitor's clerk, who, as he states in his confession, shot his own father because he had remonstrated with him about some eccentric and objectionable habits to which he was addicted, having previously killed his employer's office-boy to "strengthen his nerve" and "get his hand in." After the murders he absconded, and was found concealed in a neighbouring outhouse, armed with a revolver with which he says he intended to kill any one who came after him, but he was fortunately persuaded to give himself up quietly.—Alfred Gough, the murderer of the little girl Eleanor Windle, was executed at Derby Gaol on Monday. He left a written confession.—The relations of Lefroy are still actively engaged in getting signatures to their petition to the Home Secretary. On Saturday they received an anonymous letter professing to come from the lady alluded to in the defence as having arranged to meet Lefroy and go to Brighton with him. They, however, have little faith in its genuineness.—At Barnstaple, on Friday last, a man gave himself up to the police as the real murderer of Mr. Gold, saying that he got out of the train with the body, and had since been wandering about. On Saturday, however, when charged before the magistrate, he replied that he knew nothing about it; and though the police doubt his connection with the tragedy, he has been remanded pending inquiries.

PARISIAN ART CIRCLES are in a state of great expectation respecting the coming reforms projected by the new Fine Art Minister, who promises to verify the adage of "new brooms," &c. M. Proust intends to reorganise the Fine Art Council, and divide it into three special sections. He proposes to create a large number of art and industrial schools throughout the country, to increase the facilities for viewing the national collections, and to give art workers every opportunity of studying the higher branches of their trade. He further advocates an annual *Salon* of decorative art, and intends to obtain the necessary authorisation for selling the Crown jewels as speedily as possible, using the proceeds to create special funds for art museums and industrial schools. The plan of a retrospective *Salon* every three or five years containing the most important works hung at the annual exhibitions is again revived, while the Minister states that as the Luxembourg is already too full, a similar museum for modern painters will be constructed. Talking of the Luxembourg, some of the pictures have been damaged by the carelessness of a servant who left a tap running in a room of one of the officials of the Senate over the Museum, the water accordingly coming through the ceiling on to the paintings. Another art item is the sale at the Hotel Drouot of two pictures by Greuze, "La Jeune Fiancée" and "Le Portrait du Fiancé," which brought respectively 48*l.* and 44*l.*

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER
(1881) of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, No. 123, contains the following Popular Dance Music: OLIVETTE QUADRILLE and OLIVETTE LANCERS, by CHARLES D'ALBERT, and MANUELITA VALSE, by EMILE WALDTEUFEL. LE VERRE EN MAIN, POLKA, PORTIA VALSE, THE GEM OF THE BALL, POLKA, BRUDER LUSTIG GALOP, SWEET KISS POLKA, HON TON VALSE, SCHOT, TISCH. Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d. London: CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street, and 15, Poultry, E.C.

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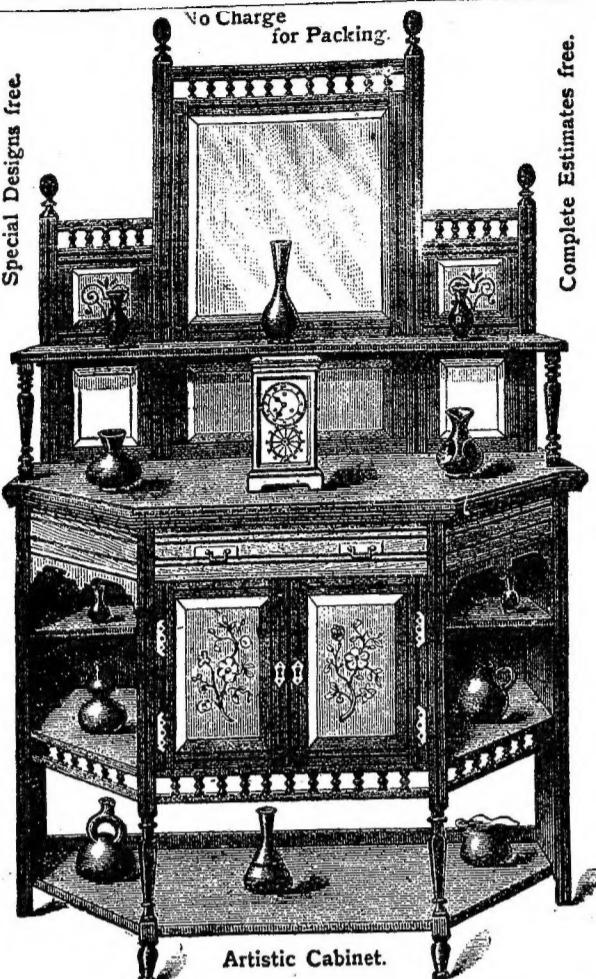
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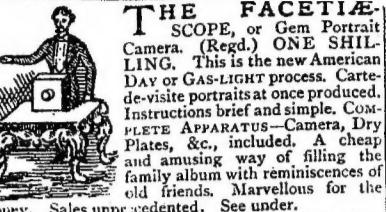
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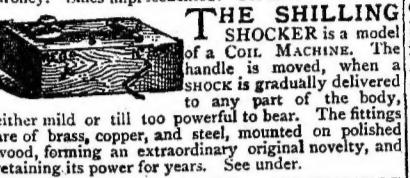


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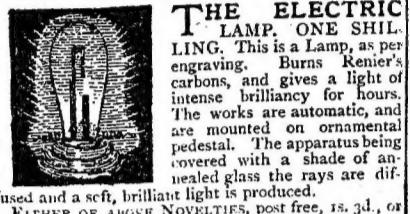
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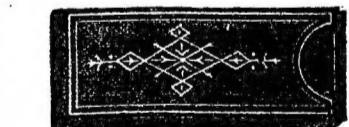
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